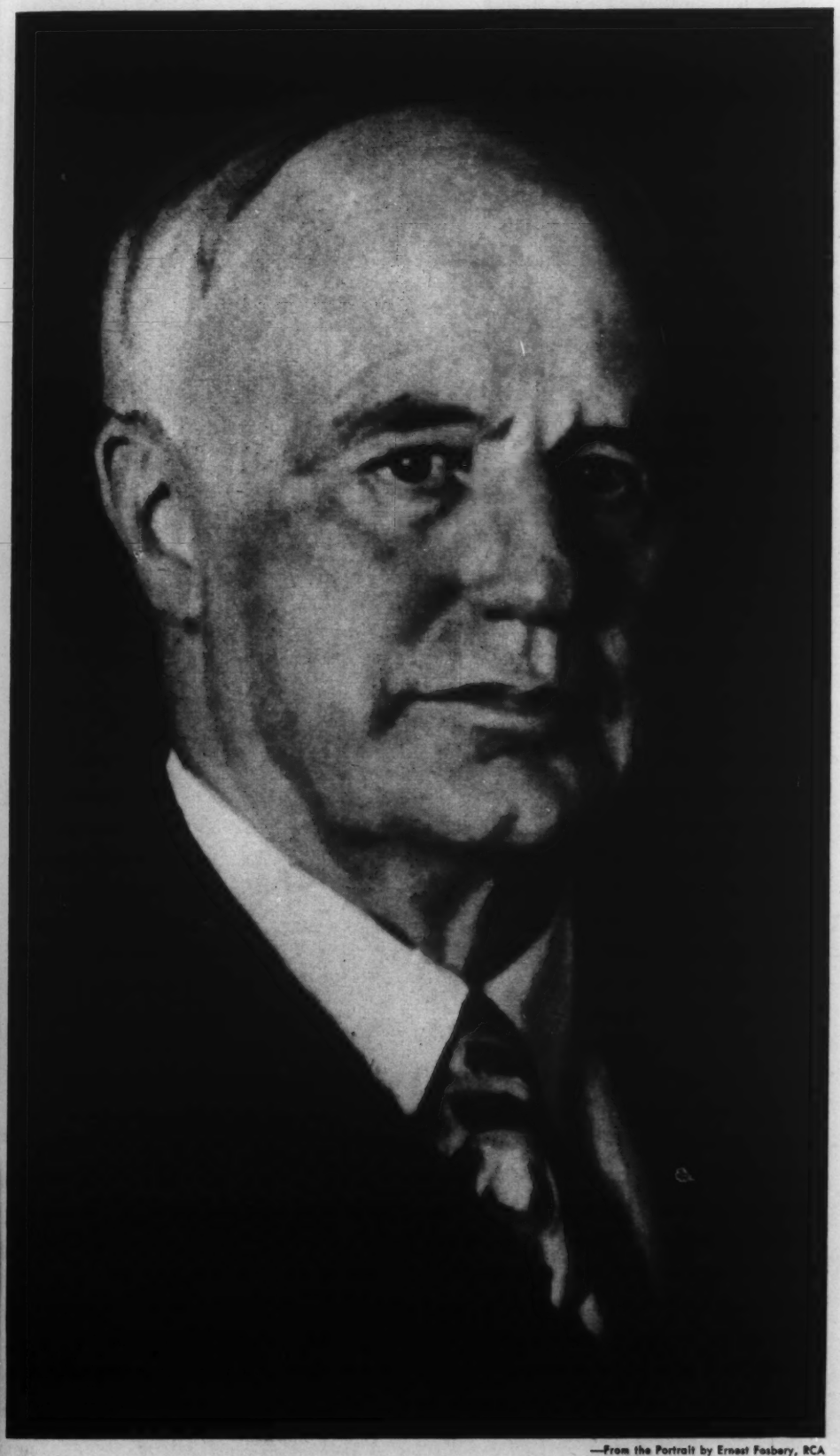
SATURDAY NIGHT

FEBRUARY 14, 1953 10 CENTS



—From the Portrait by Ernest Fosbery, RCA

RT. HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN: "Minted in the Treasury of Greatness"

THE ARTHUR MEIGHEN NOBODY KNOWS

by Max Freedman

THERE IS a public myth about the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, former leader of the Conservative Party and Canada's sole surviving former Prime Minister, that distorts his real character. We are given a caricature and asked to take it as a portrait of the man and the statesman. Mr. Meighen is pictured as an icy intellectual, remote from common cares, preferring the winged phrase of angry debate to the still sad music of humanity, eager for office yet blundering in judgment, stiff in prejudices that belong to a vanished age, at worst the eloquent apostle of reaction, at best a splendid anachronism. No one who has ever been admitted to the hospitality of Mr. Meighen's mind, or who has been privileged to study at close range the values that dominate his character, will accept that fabrication of prejudice as a true portrait. If it has imposed itself, for too long, on many Canadians, that is a tribute less to the vitality of truth than to the industry of error.

It is time the myth was disentangled from the man. Mr. Meighen is one of the supreme leaders minted in the treasury of Canadian greatness. Perhaps this tribute and assessment will come best from one like me, who marches under a different political banner, but who respects the stainless integrity with which Mr. Meighen has used his matchless gifts.

I WRITE under the sad conviction that Mr. Meighen's premature departure from the House of Commons did more, much more, than rob Canadian Conservative thought of its ablest advocate and incomparable debater. In a caprice of democracy our public life was impoverished when he was prevented, while his powers yet were far from their flood tide, from making his full contribution to our national life with increasing maturity and wisdom across the pageant of the years and with the wider mercies and reconciliations that are taught by advancing experience.

Mr. Meighen has long lived in the serene afterglow of his public career. The storms and contentions of politics no longer touch him. It was said of Sir Robert Peel that he never was happy except in the House of Commons, or doing something which had some relation to something to be done there. For a master of Parliament like Mr. Meighen to be excluded from the House of Commons must be an affliction comparable to having a great pianist denied the concert stage. Never once has Mr. Meighen indulged a passion for self-pity or scolded fortune for having bantered him so unfairly. He has built a new career in the world of business; sent his mind adventuring amid the treasures of literature; and all too rarely has emerged from his library to make an address which reminds Canadians of the grandeur that glorifies exact and memorable speech.

I was talking to him not so long ago about

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

HOCKEY NIGHT AT "THE GARDENS"

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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

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EDMUND S. CARPENTER of the University of Toronto makes a strong plea for unrestricted freedom in research in "Science Must Be Free to Serve Humanity" . . . The Hon. H. H. Stevens, one of Canada's most colorful politicians, is the subject of a profile by R. A. FRANCIS . . . ASSOCIATE EDITOR HUGH GARNER discusses the vagaries and a few little-known facts about Canada's climate in "How's The Weather Down Your Way?" . . . FOREIGN EDITOR WILLSON WOODSIDE, who has been following German affairs since before the days of Hitler, analyzes the "liberal" Free Democratic Party in "Is It Nazism or Nationalism?" . . . Economist C. M. SHORT, in "New Capital Investments Decline" gives a timely economic review of the nation . . . A former and popular feature of *Saturday Night*, "Gold and Dross", giving expert advice to readers' problems, will be revived . . . FINANCIAL EDITOR W. P. SNEAD discusses the Canadian paper industry and as the hinge for his discussion chooses Consolidated Paper as a typical company . . . STUART MACKAY gives his views on women's clothes and figures and what women can do about them . . . Other features include Letters from Ottawa and Washington and the first of a series of chess problems.

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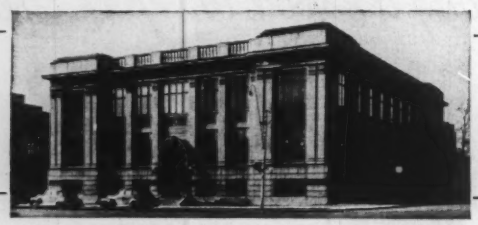

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ROBERT FENNELL, Q.C., *President.*
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53-1

OTTAWA LETTER

Policies and Tactics

by John A. Stevenson

THE FACADE of harmony in the Liberal camp is deceptive and not a few of the Ministry's followers are troubled souls, critical of their leaders' policies and tactics and fearful that chances of appeasing the disgruntled voters are being frittered away.

There is in Ottawa a well founded story that at a recent caucus of the Liberal party a member from British Columbia arose and bluntly informed Mr. St. Laurent that his decision to keep Mr. Claxton in the Cabinet and the Government's policies about broadcasting and television were imposing unfair handicaps upon Liberal candidates in the coming election and that disaster was certain unless they were removed.

It is not the habit of the Prime Minister to turn a soft cheek to the smiter and it is understood that his rebuke of the rebel's protest was so severe that the Liberal whips found it difficult to pacify him. The rebel is said to have found comfort after the caucus broke up from the assurances of numerous Liberal brethren, who had lacked the courage to give him vocal support, that they endorsed his protest.

Then the Liberal members from Saskatchewan are extremely distressed over the adverse report of a Royal Commission upon an ambitious project of irrigation designed to banish the perils of drought from a large tract in the valley of the South Saskatchewan River. It has pronounced against federal aid to it on the ground that its fruits would not justify the huge expenditures involved and the Liberals from Saskatchewan gloomily foresee that they will be asked to explain how, when abundant funds can be found for the St. Lawrence Seaway, cost is a fatal obstacle to a scheme which would benefit a big section of the West.

The report is good grist for the mills of the CCF and Mr. Diefenbaker and on January 30, when the question of Federal assistance for the development of waterpowers was discussed the latter showed great parliamentary ingenuity in face of Liberal protests and interventions of the Speaker in contriving to keep the issue of the report alive without mentioning the word "irrigation", whose mention had been forbidden by the Speaker.

MR. DREW sometimes chills the hearts of his wellwishers by conduct which raises a question mark about his sense of proportion and soundness of judgement. The latest instance of this frailty occurred on January 26, when on a point of privilege he assailed the "Capital Report" delivered on the previous day by Michael Barkway over the CBC network. It is probably true that a critic of the St. Laurent Ministry would have about as much chance of being chosen by the CBC as one of its political commentators as a Roman Catholic would have of being elected Mayor of Belfast but, if the partisan bias of a broadcast seems to deserve rebuke, political wisdom would dictate that the task should be entrusted to a backbencher and not be undertaken by the leader of a party.

Mr. Drew was completely justified in arguing that, when Mr. Barkway described the transmitter of the original version of the Currie Report to Mr. Coldwell, he wandered into the dangerous region of contempt of court. But it was nonsensical exaggeration for him to talk about some of Mr. Barkway's other observations as "one of the most astonishing breaches of the privileges, rights and responsibilities of members of this House, which have come to the attention of any honorable member."

The right of the press, now extended to broadcasters, to criticize freely members of Parliament and their pronouncements, was established long ago in some famous state trials in Britain and Professor Tasswell-Langmean in his "English Constitutional History" a standard authority on the subject, went so far as to declare that "the utmost latitude of criticism and invective has been allowed the Press in discussing the actions of our Governments and public men and measures".

So Mr. Drew caused newspaper men in Ottawa to wonder what might be their own fate if, when he became Prime Minister, criticisms of the type made by Mr. Barkway were regarded as intolerable offences. The late Lord Bennett paid dearly for his persistent quarrels with the newspapermen, who are a fraternity, and Mr. Drew would be well advised to take a leaf out of the books of Mr. Winston Churchill, who not long ago said he did not at all mind being called "a goose" by the Opposition, or of Lord Norman, the famous governor of the Bank of England, who, when criticized by the press, was wont to quote the Arab proverb "let the dogs bark, the caravan goes on."

ON Jan. 26 R. R. Knight, a member of the CCF, made another commendable but abortive attempt to induce the Government to concern itself with the grave educational crisis now facing Canada and he and supporters from all the parties in opposition, including Mr. Drew, made an overwhelming case for Federal intervention. His statistics about the annual expenditures per pupil on elementary and secondary education on the basis of average daily attendance, which ranged from $244 per capita in British Columbia, $201 in Alberta and $174 in Saskatchewan to $77 in Newfoundland, $83 in Prince Edward Island and $114 in Nova Scotia, showed in high relief how glaring were the inequalities in opportunities for education in different provinces.

He cited a recent statement by Mr.

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EDITORIALS

Some Still Trying To Think for All

WE CAN GET along with people who suggest we should not read a book because it is obscene or watch a film because it is vulgar or look at a picture because it follows life too faithfully. If they state their case well, the chances are we listen to them and save some money. But nothing enrages us as much as the people who make up their own minds what we shall not read or watch and, having decided, apply enough pressure in the right places to make sure we have no choice in the matter.

For this reason, we were happy to see that Justice Minister Garson was not going to be rushed into drafting new sets of laws to stop this or that kind of book from being offered for sale. Mr. Garson pointed out there are enough regulations now which are supposed to control such things as obscenity in publications.

People have been trying to put books in a strait jacket for a long time, but they have never quite managed it. They have had much more success with such things as plays and pictures, because it is much easier to prevent a public exhibition than it is to stop people reading.

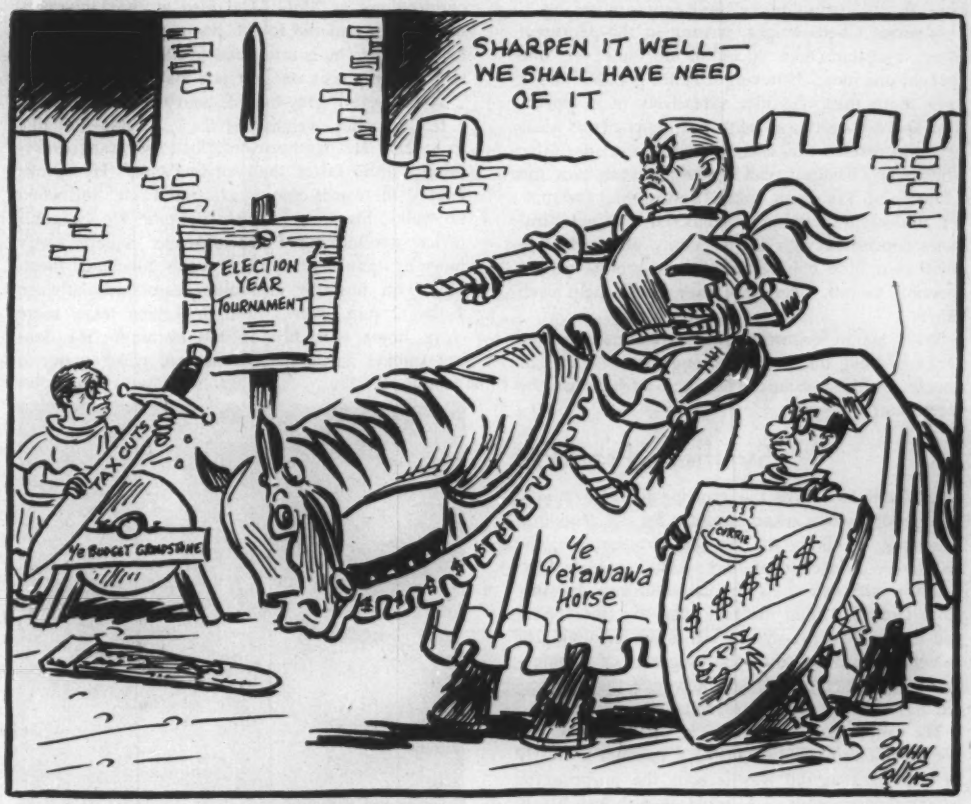
Recently we read with approval some of the letters published in Ottawa newspapers following the sudden removal of the French film "Clochemerle" from the Elgin Theatre there. The film ran for five weeks in Toronto without causing a flurry, and was supposed to have a three-weeks run in Ottawa, but apparently the manager of the Elgin Theatre, Ernest Warren, decided to kick it out after some people (including an Archbishop) objected to it. One letter writer in the *Ottawa Citizen*, a Gordon Carrell, put the case neatly: "I appreciate Mr. Warren's respect for the Archbishop and his sincere beliefs. On the other hand, why should these ideas be enforced to the point where they deny others who do not share them?"

Some films have been banned in various places because racial groups started making a ruckus about certain characters; others because some church objected to presentation of a religious topic; and still others because somebody thought certain social problems should not be talked about. And in each case where the films have been shown there has been no surge of racial prejudice or forsaking of churches or noteworthy breakdown of society. Life has gone on in much the same way, probably because people are much better sorts, really, than the censors think they are. Maybe that's why the censors fill us with so much black bile.

Talking Animals

LADY, the Wonder Horse, has been retired from the headlines, for a while at least, but the animal world refuses to stay decently in the background and let people look after the serious job of making their own news. Now a very forward dog has won some notoriety in Australia by answering the telephone. According to a Lord Bishop who lives in New South Wales, it says "Hello, hello, here I am," or some such thing.

We hope these horses and dogs see the error of their ways before this sort of thing gets entirely out of hand. As horses and dogs they are useful, often lovable and seldom boring, but if they make a habit of talking they will be doing something that is far too common in the world of people now. The chances are they will be bores, and we cannot stand the thought of being buttonholed by a boring horse some dismal morning.



Preparing for the 1953 Jousts

Germany's Attitude

IT IS ONLY natural that Chancellor Konrad Adenauer should dislike reports that more and more West Germans are looking with something less than dislike on the Nazi-type ideas. He understands that people outside Germany, their affairs still badly mussed up after a six-year tussle with Hitler, can get pretty edgy at the thought of having another Nazi state to take apart. The Chancellor was angry when the American High Commission published results of a survey indicating that nearly half the West Germans think there is more good than evil in Nazism and that one in four would not care if a new Nazi party tried to grab power. "No danger exists that a Nazi party on the Hitler model will seize power in Western Germany," he said.

It would have been more reassuring if Chancellor Adenauer had not qualified his statement with the phrase "on the Hitler model." There is little doubt that the West Germans are feeling their oats these days. They have not had to carry a heavy load of taxes to pay for armaments; they have not had to fight an expensive war against Communists, like France in Indo-China; they have had the burdens of occupation lightened by the victors, anxious to strengthen defences against possible Soviet aggression; and they have used great energy on their own account in the rebuilding of their country. As a result they do not seem to be as anxious to be a docile member of one big Western European family as they were a couple of years ago.

Chancellor Adenauer can argue that the American High Commission's poll was not a fair sample of opinion in West Germany, but there are plenty of indications—in Adenauer's own government, in statements by prominent Germans, in what foreign correspondents are reporting—that more and more West Germans are thinking that their country is well on the way to being the most powerful in Western Europe once again. And out of that thinking could come the same old arrogant nationalism that has led to war twice already in a quarter of a century.

Royal Orator

AFTER LAST November's presidential election in the United States, many people thought it was a pity that the American system of government does not give the defeated candidate a place in Congress where he can join the active legislators in the job of handling the nation's affairs. One of these days people may be thinking it is a pity that the British system puts a limit on what members of the Royal Family can do in the way of helping to conduct national business. If this happens, one of the reasons will be Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, whose reputation as a public speaker seems to be growing steadily.

He has a knack for putting his ideas in vigorous language. He told the National Playing Fields Association: "All you want is a reasonably flat piece

of ground with sufficient grass on it and some goal posts, and if you get these you are halfway home. Put on the fancy waistcoats later." And speaking to a meeting of industrialists: "If we are to recover prosperity, we shall have to find ways of emancipating energy and enterprise from the frustrating control of constitutionally timid ignoramuses."

Maurice Cheesewright, writing in the *Montreal Star*, says the Duke sticks to the rule of "one speech, one idea," believing it is not possible to put over more than one idea effectively in a speech. The Duke does this so well that many of his ideas get solid results. Mr. Cheesewright notes that after Philip had criticized rear lights on British cars, the Minister of Transport started considering the matter; and after he publicly wondered why organizations concerned with traffic safety all worked in their own little compartments, the groups held a meeting to talk over how they could help each other.

With action following his words, perhaps the Duke is doing his job well enough as it is; and, of course, he does not need to keep one eye on the electorate.

Synthetic Products

A SOUR LOOK at the growing list of synthetic products was taken recently by the *Hamilton Spectator*. "This is the age of substitutes," *The Spectator* growled, "of the plastic ukelele, the nylon toothbrush . . . the laboratory-made ruby more fire-filled than the real gem, the figure padded lusher than life-size . . . It is an insidious age in which the mind loses the judgment of genuineness and accepts the ersatz; in which the counterfeit has become socially acceptable."

We cannot go along with *The Spectator* on this. We do not think the origin of a product is nearly so important as the way it suits the purpose for which it was made. A jewel is not less lovely simply because it was made in a laboratory instead of being wrenched from the earth by a sweating miner. And it is much more pleasant to look at women with lush figures than at ones who rely solely on absent-minded nature; if the lushness is of something more than nature, it is the business only of those who are intimately concerned, who are not likely to suffer much from the deception.

If a man cannot surround himself with beautiful and useful things created only by nature, it is to his credit if he manages to find acceptable substitutes. If he cannot judge the worth of a product or an idea without looking at the price tag or asking for references from nature, he is either a snob or the kind of person who would be just as happy with the phony anyway.

Author of Report

WHEN THE Government at Ottawa asked George S. Currie to take a look at what the Army Works Services people were doing in and about Petawawa and to write a report on what he saw there, the official reference to his qualifications for the job was brief but glowing. After he had turned in his report, the references were just as brief but much less glowing, which probably was to be expected considering the fuss caused by the report. And there has been the same pattern from the beginning of the affair: brief references to Col. Currie and a lot of sound and fury about his Report.

It may be that Col. Currie himself set the pattern; he is a modest person, sometimes described by his friends as "shy and retiring", and he has not been comfortable in his recent role of "best-known author." He would be happy left with his work (McDonald, Currie and Co., Chartered Accountants, Montreal), his books (he is a hungry reader of everything from business treatises to the latest fiction), his community interests (he has spent much of his time in recent months as chairman of the Building Committee of the Montreal General Hospital), his family (two of his four children are at McGill, a third at the University of Toronto and the fourth has a paying job), and his pastimes (he is interested in all kinds of sports, with an emphasis on golf and fishing).

A blue-eyed, grey-haired, heavy-set man (height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 161 lbs.), he does not like to loiter. He has been described as "doing everything a little faster than anyone else." He speaks crisply, the words coming at a rapid rate; and when he walks, his pace is brisk, definite. He is in his office overlooking Place d'Armes Square every morning before nine, usually has luncheon meetings with business and other associates between 1 and 2 p.m., works until 5.30 then takes more work home with him in the evening. He does not smoke. That he is a man of good humor is shown, oddly enough, in the Report with its references to enlisted horses.

—Karsh

GEORGE S. CURRIE

He has plenty of qualifications for the sort of job he did at Petawawa. He saw the operational side of an army at war with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry in France in the First World War, later holding staff appointments with the First Brigade and the Fourth Division, winning the Distinguished Service Order, the Military Cross and two mentions in Despatches. A lieutenant in the McGill COTC, he had enlisted in the 2nd University Company, CEF. He went to McGill after attending public and secondary schools in Perth, Ontario. He was born in Glencoe on Oct. 17, 1889, the son of an Ottawa minister, the late Rev. Dugald Currie. Between the wars, he went briskly about the job of getting himself established in business. In 1927 he married Louisa Hope Napier, daughter of the late George H. Napier of Montreal; and was among the top men in his profession when Hitler ripped into Poland. Then he went back into his country's service, this time as executive assistant to the Minister of National Defence (1940-42) and as Deputy Minister of National Defence (Army) from 1942 to 1944.

He has served, too, as a Westmount alderman (six years), as president of the Quebec Society of Chartered Accountants and of the Canadian Club of Montreal; and his business interests extend to Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Company, of which he is a vice-president and director.

Trade and Strength

BUYING AND selling were fairly simple transactions at one time, but now, with all sorts of things like hard and soft currencies, control of imports and exports, preferences and tariffs gumming up the works, business between nations often must follow such a maze that sometimes it never does get clear but keeps on coming back to the point from which it started; or it has such a rough time finding the right exit that it's in pretty poor shape when it does shake loose and has to sit down and rest a while.

If it were just a matter of business, probably the time could be afforded, but business these days is all mixed up with foreign policy; we live in a mixed-up world where the desire to look after business has to be backed up with a lot more than earnest hope. Because we're up against an opponent who doesn't mind hitting in the clinches, we need the condition for a long bout as well as a good punch. How we punch is a matter of foreign policy, but whether or not we can go the distance depends on our economic condition, which, in turn, depends on our buying and selling.

There isn't all the time in the world to get into condition. Outside the United States and Canada, the free countries are wondering if their buying and selling is building enough muscle for the punch.

Stripped of the pretty words, it means that foreign policy and economic policy must be directed by the same motives. If the free nations are to be strong, they must have the means to support their physical defences. These nations have been busy building a community united against the arrogant ambitions of Communism, but they have not been very successful in making it an economic unit.

Radio Discussion

AT LAST count, Davidson Dunton, chairman of the CBC Board of Governors, was "reconsidering" a CBC regulation which would forbid any radio program "presenting a person who solves or purports to solve personal, moral or social problems or questions submitted by listeners or members of the public, unless the program format has been approved in writing by a representative of the corporation."

It is a good thing Mr. Dunton is reconsidering the matter. We do not think he is a humorless man, and there is something very funny about the idea of "a representative of the corporation" gravely trying to decide if he should approve, say, a talk on social questions by Prime Minister St. Laurent. Or perhaps Prime Ministers do not come under CBC censorship.

Personal

NEXT WEEK'S front page picture will show Louis Robichaud and Reynold Mitchell watching what is called the answer curve to an equation which has been fed into the huge computer, or electronic brain machine, at the Canadian Armaments Research and Development Establishment of the Defence Research Board. The equation had something to do with the performance of a weapon being tested by the Armaments people, whose job is to develop new weapons and improve old ones. They work at Valcartier. In an article which will start on the front page, Prof. Edmund S. Carpenter of the University of Toronto suggests that pure research in the universities is being stifled by government grants for work on projects of military value.

Letter from New York

by **Anthony West**

I DON'T KNOW if gamblers interest you as much as they do me, but I've always found a certain fascination in their dubious annals. The goldfield cardsharps, the ornate gentlemen in embroidered waistcoats who used the haunt the Mississippi steamboats, and the smooth-spoken and well-dressed operators who used to work the big passenger liners on the Atlantic, seemed to typify their periods in a reprehensible but agreeable way. I thought they'd vanished in the modern world, along with the free-spending, idle crowd they used to batten on and that the independent operator was no more. But I've found that the gambler has changed with the world, and has adapted himself to it in a remarkable way.

I was talking the other night with the personnel manager of the Electric Boat plant in New London in Connecticut, where the big project of the moment is the atomic-powered submarine, and he was telling me about the new kind of gambler. He doesn't go in for flash waistcoats, cigars, or immaculate evening dress; he comes on the scene in dungarees, carrying a lunch box. He's generally a skilled workman, a fitter, a welder, or an electronics man, and part of his approach is to seem very much one of the gang. He does his work steadily and well, and the plant thinks he's quite an asset. They go on thinking so until the trouble blows up. Local storekeepers begin complaining that one or two of the men at the plant aren't paying their bills, and they beef to the management. The local priests call in and tell them that one or two of their parishioners aren't bringing money home, and that their wives are desperate. Then the game of hunt the gambler begins.

THE Electric Boat works, like most defence plants, straggles over a great many acres. It's by the waterfront, and has slipways where the submarines are under construction, research shops, machine shops, complex stores and a hundred odd nooks and corners. At every lunch hour, and in most breaks, three or four floating poker games start up. The management knows they exist, and knows it's impossible to stamp them out. Management tries to keep tabs on the games, but the employees, knowing that management's interest is not altogether friendly, do all they can to keep their diversions secret.

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The gamblers generally come from big towns, and from particular towns such as Providence, Boston, New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans. The management has to work through the list of all its recent hirings looking for the men from possible or likely centres, and then it has to get the works' detectives to run down the particular individual who is working the games. When he has been found, there isn't much to be done to him except fire him.

It's not illegal to play cards in the lunch hour, and very difficult indeed to prove the difference between a consistently lucky card player and a crooked one. So in the end the gambler draws his last pay check and goes off to another defence plant in a new town. By then he's three or four thousand dollars richer. He's learned the lesson that in the modern world the big money is in the payrolls; it's the lesson the American criminal community as a whole has learned in the past twenty years.

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It's a story of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. If you knew the Port of New York in the old days, you probably heard talk of the big block of wharves over in Jersey City called Black Tom (I've been unable to find out why). In the past 20 years the Lehigh railroad has spent some $20 million slicking it up. They used a great deal of it right after the war, and brought all their experience of wartime quick loading and off-loading to bear. It has about a quarter of a million square feet of good warehouse space, and 4,000 frontage feet of deep water wharf space. All in all it was worthy of its elegant new name of The Clairemount Terminal.

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of ground with sufficient grass on it and some goal posts, and if you get these you are halfway home. Put on the fancy waistcoats later." And speaking to a meeting of industrialists: "If we are to recover prosperity, we shall have to find ways of emancipating energy and enterprise from the frustrating control of constitutionally timid ignoramuses."

Maurice Cheesewright, writing in the *Montreal Star*, says the Duke sticks to the rule of "one speech, one idea," believing it is not possible to put over more than one idea effectively in a speech. The Duke does this so well that many of his ideas get solid results. Mr. Cheesewright notes that after Philip had criticized rear lights on British cars, the Minister of Transport started considering the matter; and after he publicly wondered why organizations concerned with traffic safety all worked in their own little compartments, the groups held a meeting to talk over how they could help each other.

With action following his words, perhaps the Duke is doing his job well enough as it is; and, of course, he does not need to keep one eye on the electorate.

Synthetic Products

A SOUR LOOK at the growing list of synthetic products was taken recently by the *Hamilton Spectator*. "This is the age of substitutes," *The Spectator* growled, "of the plastic ukelele, the nylon toothbrush . . . the laboratory-made ruby more fire-filled than the real gem, the figure padded lusher than life-size . . . It is an insidious age in which the mind loses the judgment of genuineness and accepts the ersatz; in which the counterfeit has become socially acceptable."

We cannot go along with *The Spectator* on this. We do not think the origin of a product is nearly so important as the way it suits the purpose for which it was made. A jewel is not less lovely simply because it was made in a laboratory instead of being wrenched from the earth by a sweating miner. And it is much more pleasant to look at women with lush figures than at ones who rely solely on absent-minded nature; if the lushness is of something more than nature, it is the business only of those who are intimately concerned, who are not likely to suffer much from the deception.

If a man cannot surround himself with beautiful and useful things created only by nature, it is to his credit if he manages to find acceptable substitutes. If he cannot judge the worth of a product or an idea without looking at the price tag or asking for references from nature, he is either a snob or the kind of person who would be just as happy with the phony anyway.

Author of Report

WHEN THE Government at Ottawa asked George S. Currie to take a look at what the Army Works Services people were doing in and about Petawawa and to write a report on what he saw there, the official reference to his qualifications for the job was brief but glowing. After he had turned in his report, the references were just as brief but much less glowing, which probably was to be expected considering the fuss caused by the report. And there has been the same pattern from the beginning of the affair: brief references to Col. Currie and a lot of sound and fury about his Report.

It may be that Col. Currie himself set the pattern; he is a modest person, sometimes described by his friends as "shy and retiring", and he has not been comfortable in his recent role of "best-known author." He would be happy left with his work (McDonald, Currie and Co., Chartered Accountants, Montreal), his books (he is a hungry reader of everything from business treatises to the latest fiction), his community interests (he has spent much of his time in recent months as chairman of the Building Committee of the Montreal General Hospital), his family (two of his four children are at McGill, a third at the University of Toronto and the fourth has a paying job), and his pastimes (he is interested in all kinds of sports, with an emphasis on golf and fishing).

A blue-eyed, grey-haired, heavy-set man (height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 161 lbs.), he does not like to loiter. He has been described as "doing everything a little faster than anyone else." He speaks crisply, the words coming at a rapid rate; and when he walks, his pace is brisk, definite. He is in his office overlooking Place d'Armes Square every morning before nine, usually has luncheon meetings with business and other associates between 1 and 2 p.m., works until 5.30 then takes more work home with him in the evening. He does not smoke. That he is a man of good humor is shown, oddly enough, in the Report with its references to enlisted horses.

—Karsh

GEORGE S. CURRIE

He has plenty of qualifications for the sort of job he did at Petawawa. He saw the operational side of an army at war with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry in France in the First World War, later holding staff appointments with the First Brigade and the Fourth Division, winning the Distinguished Service Order, the Military Cross and two mentions in Despatches. A lieutenant in the McGill COTC, he had enlisted in the 2nd University Company, CEF. He went to McGill after attending public and secondary schools in Perth, Ontario. He was born in Glencoe on Oct. 17, 1889, the son of an Ottawa minister, the late Rev. Dugald Currie. Between the wars, he went briskly about the job of getting himself established in business. In 1927 he married Louisa Hope Napier, daughter of the late George H. Napier of Montreal; and was among the top men in his profession when Hitler ripped into Poland. Then he went back into his country's service, this time as executive assistant to the Minister of National Defence (1940-42) and as Deputy Minister of National Defence (Army) from 1942 to 1944.

He has served, too, as a Westmount alderman (six years), as president of the Quebec Society of Chartered Accountants and of the Canadian Club of Montreal; and his business interests extend to Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Company, of which he is a vice-president and director.

Trade and Strength

BUYING AND selling were fairly simple transactions at one time, but now, with all sorts of things like hard and soft currencies, control of imports and exports, preferences and tariffs gumming up the works, business between nations often must follow such a maze that sometimes it never does get clear but keeps on coming back to the point from which it started; or it has such a rough time finding the right exit that it's in pretty poor shape when it does shake loose and has to sit down and rest a while.

If it were just a matter of business, probably the time could be afforded, but business these days is all mixed up with foreign policy; we live in a mixed-up world where the desire to look after business has to be backed up with a lot more than earnest hope. Because we're up against an opponent who doesn't mind hitting in the clinches, we need the condition for a long bout as well as a good punch. How we punch is a matter of foreign policy, but whether or not we can go the distance depends on our economic condition, which, in turn, depends on our buying and selling.

There isn't all the time in the world to get into condition. Outside the United States and Canada, the free countries are wondering if their buying and selling is building enough muscle for the punch.

Stripped of the pretty words, it means that foreign policy and economic policy must be directed by the same motives. If the free nations are to be strong, they must have the means to support their physical defences. These nations have been busy building a community united against the arrogant ambitions of Communism, but they have not been very successful in making it an economic unit.

Radio Discussion

AT LAST count, Davidson Dunton, chairman of the CBC Board of Governors, was "reconsidering" a CBC regulation which would forbid any radio program "presenting a person who solves or purports to solve personal, moral or social problems or questions submitted by listeners or members of the public, unless the program format has been approved in writing by a representative of the corporation."

It is a good thing Mr. Dunton is reconsidering the matter. We do not think he is a humorless man, and there is something very funny about the idea of "a representative of the corporation" gravely trying to decide if he should approve, say, a talk on social questions by Prime Minister St. Laurent. Or perhaps Prime Ministers do not come under CBC censorship.

Personal

NEXT WEEK'S front page picture will show Louis Robichaud and Reynold Mitchell watching what is called the answer curve to an equation which has been fed into the huge computer, or electronic brain machine, at the Canadian Armaments Research and Development Establishment of the Defence Research Board. The equation had something to do with the performance of a weapon being tested by the Armaments people, whose job is to develop new weapons and improve old ones. They work at Valcartier. In an article which will start on the front page, Prof. Edmund S. Carpenter of the University of Toronto suggests that pure research in the universities is being stifled by government grants for work on projects of military value.

Letter from New York

by **Anthony West**

I DON'T KNOW if gamblers interest you as much as they do me, but I've always found a certain fascination in their dubious annals. The goldfield cardsharps, the ornate gentlemen in embroidered waistcoats who used the haunt the Mississippi steamboats, and the smooth-spoken and well-dressed operators who used to work the big passenger liners on the Atlantic, seemed to typify their periods in a reprehensible but agreeable way. I thought they'd vanished in the modern world, along with the free-spending, idle crowd they used to batten on and that the independent operator was no more. But I've found that the gambler has changed with the world, and has adapted himself to it in a remarkable way.

I was talking the other night with the personnel manager of the Electric Boat plant in New London in Connecticut, where the big project of the moment is the atomic-powered submarine, and he was telling me about the new kind of gambler. He doesn't go in for flash waistcoats, cigars, or immaculate evening dress; he comes on the scene in dungarees, carrying a lunch box. He's generally a skilled workman, a fitter, a welder, or an electronics man, and part of his approach is to seem very much one of the gang. He does his work steadily and well, and the plant thinks he's quite an asset. They go on thinking so until the trouble blows up. Local storekeepers begin complaining that one or two of the men at the plant aren't paying their bills, and they beef to the management. The local priests call in and tell them that one or two of their parishioners aren't bringing money home, and that their wives are desperate. Then the game of hunt the gambler begins.

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Gin Distillers
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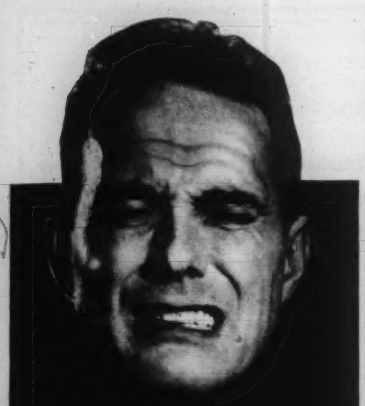

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Politics and Tactics

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

J. T. Stubbs, President of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers Federation, who said: "We are resting in a momentary calm at the heart of an educational hurricane, the most alarming teacher shortage ever to face the secondary schools of this province."

He could, if he had chosen, have quoted some of the evidence with which Mr. Stubbs backed this assertion. He declared that this year there were available in Ontario only about 6000 teachers fully qualified for posts in high schools, when 10,000 were needed; that in one high school in Northern Ontario not a single member of its staff has the requisite qualifications; and that there was a sharp decline in the enrolment in the normal schools. Mr. Knight also showed how the Ontario Federation of Agriculture had been protesting about the tremendous burden imposed upon rural taxpayers by school levies and demanding that the full capital cost of all new school buildings should be borne by the provincial or Federal governments.

FROM other sources abundant evidence about the deficiencies of our educational system is available. In his latest report about the fortunes of the University of Toronto President Sydney Smith lamented that a high percentage of failure among first year students, which had alarmed him in the previous year, had increased. For example in the Arts courses of 1951-52, out of 1065 freshmen students only 637 had passed outright while 248 had failed completely and 171 had been "conditioned," which meant another chance to escape ejection. The comparable figure for Arts in 1950-51 were 687, 152 and 170.

These data indicate that in 1950-51 one third of the freshmen in the Arts' school were incapable of passing its first hurdle toward a degree and that in 1951-52 the percentage of failures had risen to two-fifths; equally disturbing was the proportion of failures among the freshmen engineers. And in a recent broadcast Professor Phelps of McGill University gave a very doleful account of the deplorable performance of a group of first-year students at McGill when they were subjected to a special test examination in English.

HEADS of other universities have complained publicly about the inferiority of the intellectual equipment with which the average student is entering their institutions and obviously the blame for it must lie in the inadequacy of the education provided by our elementary and secondary schools.

In face of all this evidence the Liberals solidly opposed Mr. Knight's motion, taking their cue from the statement made by Mr. St. Laurent in 1951 that, as long as he was head of the government, he would refuse to ask his Cabinet to consider Federal aid for education and they harped upon the theme that education was a closed preserve of the provinces and that any invasion of it by the Federal authority would disrupt national unity.

Mr. Garson, who undertook the Government's reply, made much of the pronouncement of the Rowell-Sirois report against Federal aid for education and argued that as the result of the agreements about taxation concluded between Ottawa and nine out of the 10 provinces, the latter had secured such an enormous increase in their revenues in recent years that, if their governments had not chosen to spend huge sums on highways and other public works, there would have been ample money for the improvement of educational facilities. This allocation of provincial revenues might be regrettable but the Federal Government had no responsibility for it. Two French-Canadian Liberals, Mr. Rousseau and Mr. Gauthier backed up Mr. Garson and waxed sentimental about the threat which Federal assistance for education would offer to the sacred autonomy of Quebec.

Members of all the parties in opposition made mincemeat of the Liberal arguments. Mr. Drew, who has a genuine interest in education and always talks sound sense about it, was sympathetic to any move which would broaden the basis of Canadian education.

Letter From New York

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half the weekly wage bill of $250,000 was going to "ghosts".

The amount of thieving that went on was staggering, and so was the blackmail. Importers of fruits and perishable cargo had to pay up to $10,000 a load to get their cargoes ashore before wastage took an even bigger toll. In 1951 Moore-McCormack was licked and pulled out. The army came in, taking Clairemount to be an idle staging port for supplies going to the NATO countries in Europe and the Middle East. The army was licked this year, and it pulled out in November. It had paid out too much in phoney wage bills, and had lost too much material. Since November Clairemount has been idle, no ships have tied up at its wharves, and no goods have moved in or out of its warehouses. It was a battlefield on which the United States Army had been licked by organized crime.

I WENT over to Hoboken and to Jersey City to look around the other day. The two towns come together under the high rocky bluff that runs along the west side of the Hudson, and is crowned a little further up by the beautiful Palisades park. But there's nothing beautiful about the two towns. Their streets are dirty and full of pot holes; you go through street after street of four or five storey houses built in the seventies and eighties that are rapidly running down hill and turning into really bad slums. The City Halls in both places are of about the same date, brick built palaces wtih huge arched doorways, massive mahogany doors, acres of plate glass, and fine high-ceilinged rooms. But they're dingy past belief, with dirty paint jobs, filthy rest rooms, and unscrubbed floors.

In the offices you find the worst kind of political appointees doing civil service jobs that ought to be done by trained men. Even the people in the marriage bureaus looked like race track touts.

It made me marvel until I saw Mayor Kenny of Jersey City attending the hearing of the New Jersey Crime Commission with his lawyer, a man weighing about 235 lbs. called Tumulty, who looked like a fugitive from a Damon Runyon story. Kenny was very unwilling to testify, and Tumulty had advised him that he could refuse to give evidence if he was denied the right to have the advice of counsel. So while Kenny sat around being as noncommittal as possible with an air of bright cleverness, Tumulty did all he could to goad the Commission into expelling him from the hearing. It was a strange thing to see the lawyer of a public official doing all he could to obstruct and thwart a public enquiry into the activities of gangsters on the waterfront. Damon Runyon characters are all very well in their way, but they can make an awful mess of democracy if they get half a chance.

It's interesting, by the way, to see the large part that the Jesuits have played in exposing the ILA and the extent of their control of the Port of New York. The Kefauver Commission last year showed up the connections between the men who dominated the gambling field and certain elements in the docking world, but the real revelations were made in a series of articles which appeared before that in *Commonweal*. That's the intellectual weekly, a sort of Catholic *Nation* or *New Republic*, which the Jesuits play a large part in running. The articles were a first class reporting job, in the old muck-raking tradition of Gilbert Seldes and the journalistic tigers of the days when reporting really was reporting in the United States, and newspapers were edited by the fighting tribe that seems to have died out (to be replaced by circulation managers, to everybody's loss).

THE man behind the series, a young priest called Father Corrigan, has been very much in evidence in the background of the present hearings, and he has come out with a scheme for reforming the affairs of the ILA, which looks like a practical program for winning the Port of New York back for its citizens. It will be interesting to see if it works. If it does the Catholic drive to play a major part in union politics — it's one of the most interesting aspects of the labor question here just now—will have won its first major success.

—© Airmaps Limited, Toronto

TORONTO'S docks and warehouses, seen in this impressive aerial photograph, are being extended to meet demands from shippers.

The Lifting Horizon: Seaway Project

Linking of Great Lakes to ocean will give impetus to maritime enterprises in heaviest centres of industry

By William Sclater

WITH THE approach of the dawn of that old vision of so many Canadians, a deep waterway from the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes, the first fingers of light already are touching upon the ports of our lakes.

The eyes of industrialists and businessmen, pundits and politicians light up when the Seaway is mentioned. They see the vision. But when it comes to the practical business of translating it into terms of trade and tonnages in and out of our Great Lakes ports a vagueness develops. Much is expected but practical businessmen, linking their vision to the pockets of the taxpayers from which harbor developments for the most part must come, prefer to avoid prophecies for a while yet.

BUT what is going to happen when the first big ocean freighters point their bows westward from Kingston? Cobourg, Port Hope, Oshawa, Toronto, Port Credit, Oakville, Hamilton, Sarnia, Goderich, Owen Sound, Collingwood and a dozen other lakeports would like to know the answers and what, if anything, may be done to get ready for them.

The seeds of tomorrow's greatness are always here with us in the present, it is said, if you can discern them. The last five words are like the joker in the poker game but let us consider a functioning lakeport and see what seeds, if any, we can discern. Toronto is eminently suitable. While it may not be the biggest of our future lakeports it is not a specialized port and is big enough to indicate certain trends.

The bulk of its facilities are currently devoted to our internal waterborne trade, known in the language of the sea as coastal trade. Foreign trade, however, already is in evidence. During the 1952 season the maiden voyages of seven new overseas ships were recorded, in addition to others which had been here before and representing the Maritime flags of at least nine countries.

TO SERVE this trade the Toronto Harbor Commission built a new dock, along one side of which a storage warehouse was erected. Most of this dock space has been leased. This is insufficient even now says one Toronto importer who reports that direct shipments from overseas to the port of Toronto are being cancelled because of the lack of adequate storage space.

This is an important point. In Toronto it will be rectified to some extent by a new Federal dock which is planned. It will have both transit and storage warehouses with truck and rail facilities. But will this be enough once the deep waterway is in? Nobody knows. There are other factors to consider. In the rush to get oil-fuelled furnaces into our basements most of us have overlooked the fact that the coal trade might be taking quite a beating and Toronto has big coal docks with Seaway depth on the sills. Will a declining coal trade make some of these available to the harbor for general cargo purposes?

The oil industry is in the throes of a revolution. The discovery and development of new oil fields in Canada is bringing this country toward self-sufficiency in supply. Import of oil by sea tanker may be on the way out but there's a hotter issue much closer to home. The building of oil pipe lines is not only threatening our lake tanker trade with extinction but it also cuts down the need for refineries at lakeport points. Is this going to make oil docks available later for general cargo purposes also?

The overseas cargoes available in our lakeports obviously are considered good business by overseas shipowners. This is shown by the fact they are sending in small, specially-built ocean ships to serve this trade. Reliable reports say they are planning a long range program of building up connections and facilities so that they will be able to find much more profitable cargoes for their bigger ships once the Seaway comes in. But what are these cargoes going to be and where will they come from?

The major downbound movement on the lakes at present is in grain and coal. The Labrador development envisages an upbound movement of iron ore from Seven Islands. Does this presage a conflict of interests between our own Canadian-registered shipping and Commonwealth and foreign ships from overseas? It is doubtful if there will be any serious divergence of views in this connection.

THIS two-way trade in grain and coal and iron ore belongs properly to our own coastal trade. It can be handled more economically by our big bulk carriers than by ocean ships and in any event we should follow the lead of most Commonwealth and major world powers and restrict shipping between Canadian coastal ports to Canadian registered ships by law. The Seaway should give Canadian shipping a tremendous impetus.

General cargo out of the port of Toronto includes shipments from meatpacking and soap manufacturing plants to ports as far east as Newfoundland and also to the westward. There are, however, definite overseas export possibilities in some of this trade. The volume of available overseas trade from Canadian lakeports will be governed almost entirely by our industrial expansion and this is something worth looking at.

We are all aware that we are in a great era of industrial expansion. It can be observed most objectively perhaps in Southern Ontario in what has been called "the golden horseshoe" from Toronto around to the Welland Canal. This development, interrupted by both world wars and the depression, has been underway for a long time, but has gone ahead by leaps and bounds in the postwar years. In it is the vision of a far more significant development, the vision of which the St. Lawrence Seaway is a part: an era in which Canada will process her own raw materials in her own plants for shipment to both her own and also world markets.

POWER and water are major factors in this development. From Port Union, where Johns-Manville and General Electric have built their plants recently, through the impressive string of factories reaching toward Niagara and including the Ford plant at Oakville, the Seaway has not been a counting factor though it may well prove later to be a question of convenience. An ample, regularly available water supply from Lake Ontario, in conjunction with personnel and hydro requirements, has determined the locations.

These factors will also govern developments in the extension eastward towards Kingston and on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, where ports like Goderich and Collingwood are available. Coal is likely to be of growing importance in our lakeports once the Seaway is in. It has a great variety of

chemical uses which scientists are finding ever more valuable. It may also be a key factor in steam-generated power plants throughout the province of Ontario. If the present rate of industrial expansion is continued, the power available from the St. Lawrence Seaway will be insufficient to meet industrial power requirements of the future. The probability, therefore, is that steam-generated power will become as necessary in Ontario as in the United States.

Some people think that the port of Toronto may become congested soon after the Seaway opens and that ancillary ports in Port Hope and Port Credit, linked by an express truckway circling behind the city and serving the plants on the perimeter, may become necessary.

There are many possibilities but, if the industrial expansion continues, it is much more likely that the facilities at Port Hope and a dredged-out harbor at Port Credit may be fully taken up with the needs of their own areas.

This being a land of free enterprise any citizen can buy harbor frontage where it is available, build his own dock and warehouse, put in rail and truck facilities and charge his own prices for dockage, storage and the trans-shipment of goods.

There are other aspects of the Seaway which will affect our lakeports in the future. The linking of the Great Lakes to the ocean will give impetus to a slow but sure movement basing our maritime enterprise on our heaviest centres of population and industry. It will strike a hard blow at the Rush-Bagot Treaty on both sides of the line and a result, in this age of long-range aerial warfare, may well be the provision of naval and air forces for the protection of both shipping and land industry along the coasts of the Great Lakes. Minesweepers to deal with mines dropped from aircraft, patrol craft, and anti-aircraft ships may be seen.

Finally, the Seaway will serve two great friendly powers. The volume of U.S. trade available to ocean freighters coming up as far as the probable Chicago terminus will be considerable and our lakeports will also benefit.

While over-optimism has never been a characteristic of the Canadian people, we should not let the blinkers of ultra-conservatism blind us to the truth that this land is on the threshhold of an era in which it will become really big.

•

LETTER

All These Questions

"WHY do people ask questions, anyway?" (Enough of these questions. SATURDAY NIGHT Jan. 10).

Why ask such a silly question? (You see what happens, when a question is asked? You get another in reply.) This national habit is implicit in a Canadian's daily conversation.

Ask a Maritime youngster:—"How much are five and five?" and he will reply:—"Ten?" Or a history class in a Prairie school:—"When did the First World War begin?" and the answer will be:—"August 4, 1914?" Ask your wife where she is going and she will tell you:—"I'm just going to run over to Mrs. Chillibum's with these dinkleberries?" Phone any executive, any place in the kingdom, for an appointment and his reply will run something like this:—"I'm sorry? I can't see you today? I'll be in court all morning? and I have an executive meeting? of the Thumbsmashers Union? scheduled for 2.30? And then, at 4 o'clock? I promised Dr. Hypo? I'd play in a foursome at the Country Club?"

We have the finest country in the world, from any angle you look at it. It is loaded to the gunnels with the richest cargo any ship of state was ever called upon to carry. Every year finds Canada nearer to her destined position among the First Class Powers of the world. We should not feel impelled to pull our forelock to anyone. But for generations it seems Canadians have had the habit of looking upon their country as the Charlie Chaplin among nations—the Little Guy —we seem unable to cast off a stifling feeling of inferiority, like a gangling lout ashamed of his growth and stature, standing pigeon-toed on his own shoelaces and furtively pulling at his shirt cuffs to cover his strong, bony wrists.

Isn't this the reason for the tiresome, boring, apologetic, questioning inflection in our every-day mode of speech?

Kamloops, BC JOHN PINDER-MOSS

McBrine Baggage as seen arriving at London's famous Grosvenor House.

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LA TOUR'S "GIRL WITH CANDLE" AND DAVID'S "LADY" PRESENT PASSIVE AND DYNAMIC SIDES OF FRENCH TEMPERAMENT.

The Many Faces of France

by Paul Duval

THIS WEEK, the University of Western Ontario at London launched its 75th Anniversary with a compact collection of French art. On the walls of its McIntosh Memorial Gallery, 20 glowing canvases gave a revealing glimpse of painting in France during the 17th and 18th centuries. During that period the nation's art was already set on the rich series of transitions which have retained for it world pre-eminence.

"Nature is a dictionary," said Delacroix. Though small in extent, UWO's well-arranged show provides graphic evidence of how thoroughly Gallic painters have explored that dictionary. For French art brightly mirrors the many faces of the country's society. French character is often held synonymous with caprice but, as Joe Miller remarked, frequently "Wisdom wears the face of Folly". The University exhibition amply illustrates that though French art may often be a pirouetting ballerina, her slippers are well and prudently primed with the resin of intelligence.

The peasant is the father of the poet. And the scented rococo inventions of Fragonard, Watteau and Boucher came from the earthy naturalism of Georges de la Tour and the brothers Le Nain. During the 18th Century, the stolid bourgeois simplicity of Chardin's earlier bread and wine still-lifes becomes animated into frivolous flights of fancy under a secure aristocracy whose "life's goal was to flirt".

It is this mercurial interchange between playful merriment, earthbound naturalism and intellectual preoccupation which has gained for the French people their reputation for frivolity. The 20 canvases in the current London exhibition present all three thoroughgoing emotional states. The sombre heroics of classicism are superbly represented in Nicolas Poussin's large "Moses Smiting the Rock". The tender simplicity of anecdotal naturalism is conveyed by Georges de la Tour's pensive "Girl With A Candle", on loan from the Detroit Institute of Arts.

The seven portraits in the show were selected to trace the changing faces of society. Nicolas de Largilliere's lush, full blown court portrait of "Marquis D'Havrincourt" and Nattier's "Duchess of Parma" are succeeded in time by Jean Peronneau's frank "Portrait of A Gentleman", which marks the transition between Regency and Revolution. The ascendant bourgeois finally appears triumphant in Greuze's "Young Girl With Bonnet" and the compelling visage of Jacques Louis David's "Lady With A Kerchief".

Anecdotal art dominated the Regency and in this collection that phase is well illustrated by six first-rate examples. No matter how slight the theme, the best painters under the aristocracy possessed a virtuosity in the handling of pigment and a sense of taste which have earned them continuing respect through all succeeding societies.

The periwigged face of the Regency was succeeded by the stern portraiture of the Revolution and the UWO exhibition winds up where the 17th century's contemplation and 18th century leisure are annihilated by the Republic's men of action. The guillotine dispatched romanticism with the rapidity of the deadly knife, and the grave art of David was officially enthroned. From the Bastille and the barricade emerged that concept of liberty which has commanded the allegiance of French art and life ever since.

FRAGONARD'S ROMANTIC FLIGHT OF FANCY, "THE BIRD CAGE" EMERGED FROM THE STOLID PEASANT ART OF LE NAIN'S "INTERIOR."

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Meighen Nobody Knows

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

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MR. MEIGHEN said he often felt nervous when making an address, never when taking part in debate. In fact, he always felt at home in any assembly where reason counted and where prejudice could be cross-examined by knowledge. He always fought hard in debate; some say too hard; certainly a dash of kindness would have helped. But let us not push this strain too far. We have suffered too long from the vacuous futilities of what now passes for parliamentary debate at Ottawa to undervalue the courageous clarity of a speaker with an instinct for leaping at the jugular vein. Besides, we do well to remember the wise warning of Woodrow Wilson "tolerance is an admirable intellectual gift; but is of little worth in politics; politics is a war of causes; a joust of principles. Government is too serious a matter to admit of meaningless courtesies. In this grand contestation of warring principles he who doubts is a laggard and an impotent." Mr. Meighen fought hard but always with fairness. One of his proud memories is that in all his years in the House of Commons and the Senate he never once was successfully called to order for a breach of the rules of debate.

WITH something akin to amazement as well as regret. Mr. Meighen lamented to me that respect for the traditions of Parliament had dwindled so sadly in our time. He wondered how anyone could engage upon the public business of this country without having first mastered the detailed records of Canadian Hansard and having domiciled in his mind the achievements of British and American democracy. It was from this creative apprenticeship that he won his own mastery. Even now the only thing more remarkable than the range of his knowledge is the sudden magic of the unforgettable phrase in which it is expressed.

What a massacre of innocents there would be if some present Cabinet Minister, the echo of the latest platitude and the prisoner of his manuscript, dared to meet Mr. Meighen in the stern test of parliamentary debate. In fact, it is a safe surmise that the Government would often hesitate to proceed with its plans and policies if it knew that it had to defend them against Mr. Meighen. Is it possible to pay a greater tribute to any member of Parliament? It is a tribute which will be confirmed, I am confident, by veteran observers of the Ottawa scene and by many members of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

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Take, as one proof, the crucial instance of the 1921 Imperial Conference. Alone, against severe odds, Mr.

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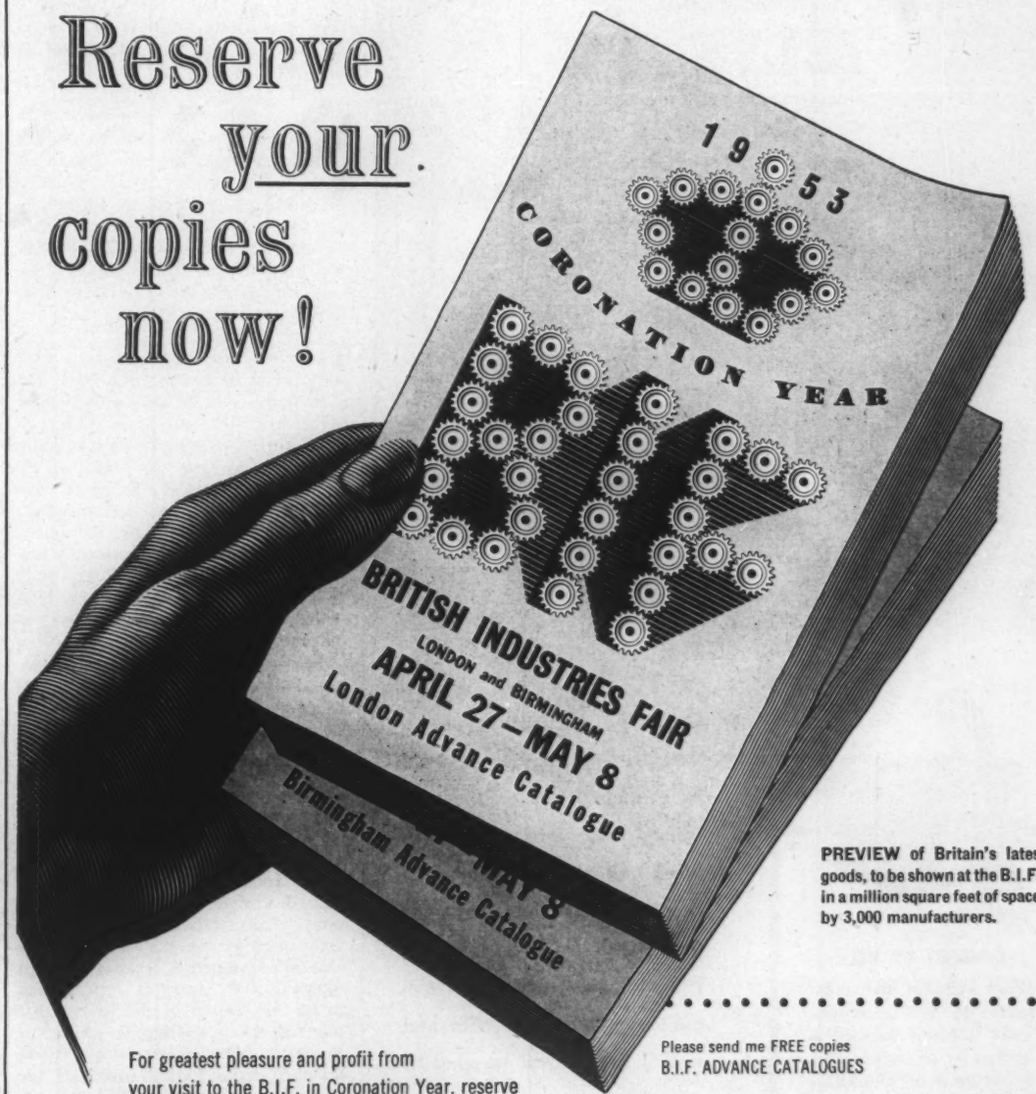

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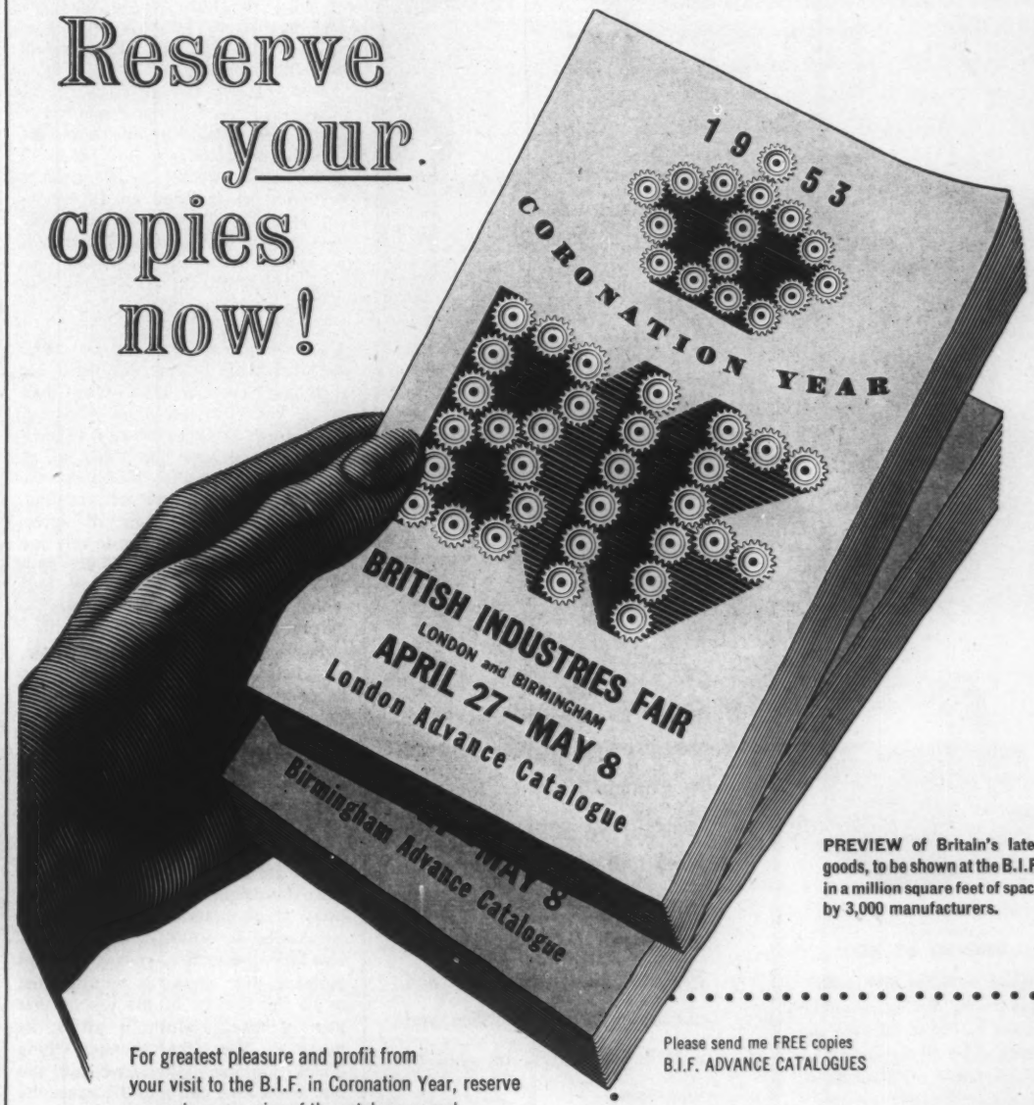

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MUSIC

Of Lovers and Their Choice

by Lister Sinclair

THIS NOON I was eating my lunch in a restaurant when the juke-box broke for the tenth time into the anxious, muscular wailing of Miss Teresa Brewer (I think) outlining the situation Till She Waltzed Again With Me.

I then noticed that the young lady who had paid for this disruption of our digestions was looking very earnestly at the young man opposite her, and I suddenly realized that she was actually using this melancholy yelling as a kind of vicarious mating call. And the young man reciprocated by putting in his nickel's worth; and so, without a word spoken, at a total cost of about eighty cents, an entire exchange of amorous sentiments took place. Only three words were spoken. At the very end, the young man said, "Be my Valentine!" in the jesting way young men speak when they are entirely serious; and it all flooded over me like a wave.

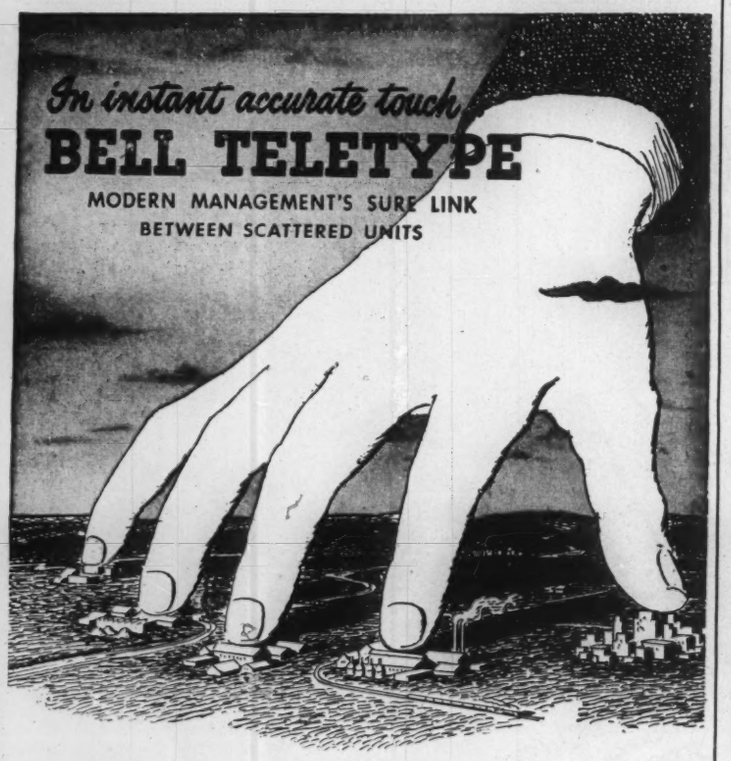
Here we go again! The commercial ingenuity which channels our sentiments and our money into exchanging gifts at Christmas and lavish displays of filial devotion around Mother's Day was all set to shove the tender passions of the spring into action in time for February 14.

And music, ever the voice of the passions, assumes a prominent part in the conspiracy. Why this should be, nobody can make out. And yet in all parts of the world, in all societies barbarous or civilized, in all epochs and in every age, love without music has seemed unthinkable. If music is the only art normally admitted to heaven, it is also the art indispensable to the promotion of love.

DO NOT trust the young man who directs his wooing into verse. He is thinking more of his scansion than of his love. But soft music does not distract the throbbing heart; it urges it more directly upon the object of its choice, and greatly increases the chances of that object reciprocating. Or so everybody seems to agree, though it would be unwise to rely too much on the opinion of the philosopher Athenaeus who felt that many melodies incited to lawless indulgence.

Perhaps this is because music, especially when connected with the dance, is really nothing but the merry sound of organized exuberance. And if young people in love are made too happy, why they may think their happiness comes from their being in love, and then there is no knowing what will happen.

Some of the romantic appeal of music comes no doubt from direct and downright sentimental associations. If declarations of love are accompanied by music of even reasonable appropriateness, then from that moment that music is appropriated to be the symbol of the joy of that pair of lovers. Music is artful; its mood is often the strongest thing about it; and as long as love lasts, the one mood may call into life again the memory of the other. So music is



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rightly called the food of love; for it is that which nourishes love and makes it grow.

And man is not alone in this. The music of the birds is due only to passion; though birds will often sing themselves into battle with their love-songs (and so will men). When the ancients heard the nightingale, throbbing in the darkening groves, they pictured Philomel mourning her lost lover. But the singer is the lover himself, not the lass, and he is not mourning her absence, he is courting her presence: or rather he is setting up in the dusk a shining banner of sound, in the hope that she will rally to it.

But while every bird must sing his own song or take the consequences, man may woo by proxy. He may hire a minstrel, or an orchestra. He need not sing himself. The man who pays the piper not only calls the tune but gets the credit.

This is very likely just as well. I do not know what traits we human beings ought to be encouraging in the race; but even though music is the greatest of the arts, I am sure that proficiency at music should not be the sole basis of Natural Selection.

Therefore a useful part is played by records of Sinatra and Teresa Brewer. Those whose ideas of what constitutes a pleasant noise are so warped as to dish up this caterwauling balderdash for an amorous offering will find their wretched judgment reciprocated by persons of a like nature. Thus they only spoil each other, and do not wreck two marriages; in the meantime, the inexorable laws of probability can step in and decree that a certain number of unions founded on the juke-box will turn out happy and fruitful, which is undoubtedly more than can be said for many marriages of persons of perfect musical taste.

But nobody has yet explained the evident exciting power of music. Havelock Ellis thought it might lie in some real response of the body tissue to the rhythm. Others prefer to think that the special property of music is that it can enhance and intensify whatever mood we happen to find ourselves in at the moment. This is true also of love, and therefore the love-music that wearies the man whose heart is lethargic, refreshes the man whose sensibilities are alert. But this is nearly everybody. "What shall we have," asks the Clown in "Twelfth Night", "A Love song, or a song of good life?" Most of us enthusiastically join Sir Andrew Aguecheek in replying "A love-song, a love-song, I care not for good life!"

Whatever the reason, the most universal of the arts rightly speaks for the most universal of the passions. Music would be a beautiful fragment if the music of love were suddenly to be struck out. From "Tristan und Isolde" down to the kind of song so devilishly parodied by Chaplin in "Limelight", when the entire chorus consists of nothing but the word Love repeated with great speed, the musicians have caused their hearts to speak for ours.

I hope all true lovers will some day find their true music, so that one can turn to the other and say, "Listen, and this will tell you what I was trying to say." I hope also that I shall not have to listen to their choices while I am eating my lunch. But I should certainly like to know what various pieces of music people have found expressive of love.

Personally, I would suggest the little duet in the "Magic Flute" between the heroine and the funnyman. It may be a curious couple to express the spirit of love; but to my ear, it is certainly there, and with a warmth and simplicity that is not found anywhere else in the world.

Winter Apples

As winter apples stored in bins
A fragrant heat keep on
And sweeten in their wrinkled skins
Through suns of seasons gone,

The loves I stole from summer's tree
And plucked before their prime
In winter bins of memory
Grow sweeter all the time.

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LETTERS

"City of God" Reaction

AT THE RISK of Mr. Lamb thinking that I am being self-consciously magnanimous, I wish to thank him for writing such a delightful lot of tripe—Toronto, City of God. Just to prove we are not quite so stodgy as Mr. Lamb believes us to be, I would certainly like him to know that while reading his article I laughed right out loud, and I'm almost certain if anyone had been in the room with me then I would have reacted in the same way, at least I'm absolutely certain that I could not have resisted a smile, even perhaps, a broad one.

If it is any comfort at all to Mr. Lamb, I might add that one night after reaching our 59th bar, my friend and I made bold to discuss his article. And we *did* laugh rather loudly I'm afraid. Some one even looked twice at us so, of course, we had to leave immediately and go to the 60th bar.

Toronto HARRY C. LAMPKIN

. . . About that article "Toronto, City of God." Everyone else will love it. Torontonians, save for a few choleric refuters, will not notice it. Why do writers bother? Why do they fret so about Toronto's psyche? This poor fellow (Lamb, is it? or Woodman?), to whom "inhibitions" is a dirty word, is knocking himself out, trying to evade the obvious truth that Toronto is a success, and likes it that way. Tea, anyone?

Toronto M. E. VANDERPLOEG

. . . In the Jan. 24 issue, in the article "Toronto—City of God", appear the words "Henry took the Bugle Band of the Queen's Own Rifles to England".

Question—Did Sir Henry Pellat not take the *entire* Queen's Own regiment, or a large portion of it? If my memory is correct, Sir Henry took the regiment over.

Toronto H. D. TRESIDDER

Ed. Note: *He took the regiment.*

. . . I have never read anything so silly as Woodman Lamb's article on Toronto. . . It may be trite to say so, but if he dislikes it so much, why does he keep on living here? I think SATURDAY NIGHT can do better than this . . .

Toronto FRED ARMSTRONG

. . . An excellent report on Toronto. We can do with more of this sort of clear thinking about many of the institutions about which we are only supposed to talk in whispers. That may be a clumsy sentence, but I can get my good writing in SATURDAY NIGHT . . .

Toronto JOAN WILLOUGHBY

. . . I'm getting sick of these "smart people" taking literary aim at what is fundamentally a grand city. It must be jealousy that makes them do it, because Toronto is the heart of this Dominion, pumping blood and energy out to all parts of the great body of the country. The qualities which Woodman Lamb derides are those which make the whole country strong . . .

Toronto T. J. ABBOTT

. . . Are people in Toronto obsessed with the failings of their own city? I do not see why they should be. It is a fine city, and every time I visit it (which I do frequently) I find the people friendly and the city itself as pleasant as a bustling city of its size anywhere . . .

North Bay FRED JONES

. . . It was high time somebody took a good look at Toronto, and Woodman Lamb has done just that. Other people have tried it and their efforts have been fairly good, but no one has been able to tell what he saw with the style and polish of this writer . . .

Winnipeg CLARA MITCHELL

. . . The Woodman Lamb report on Toronto was complete nonsense. It is a bustling, brawling city; it is stupid to talk about it as being "dead." It is the heart of our bustling economy . . . I suggest that Woodman Lamb read Carl Sandburg's poem about Chicago—now that has the real flavor of a strong, energetic city . . .

Saskatoon MEYER RIDOUT

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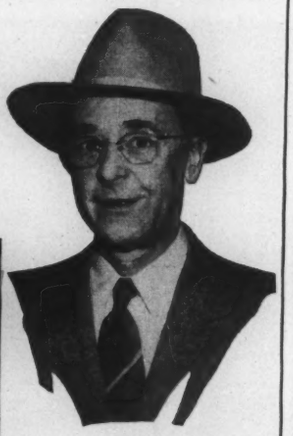

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Supt. of Buildings and Supplies, Woodward Stores Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

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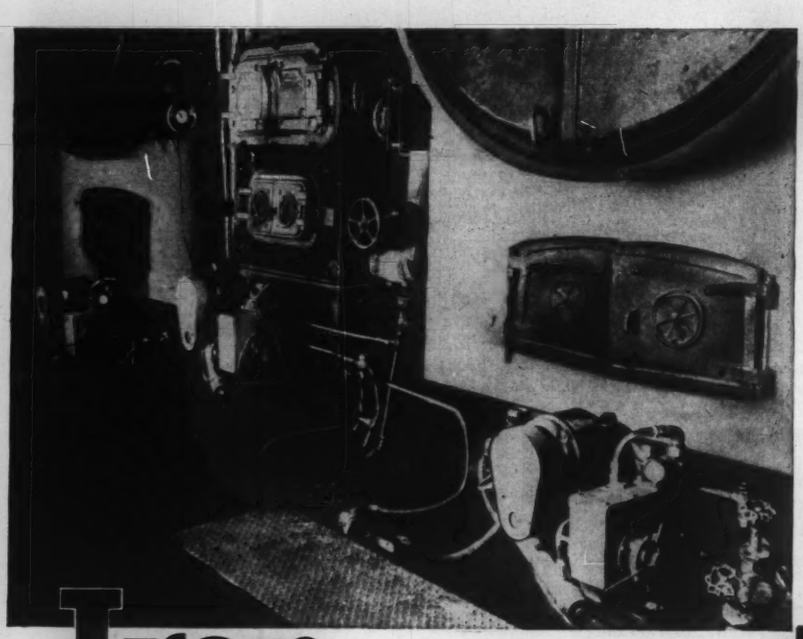

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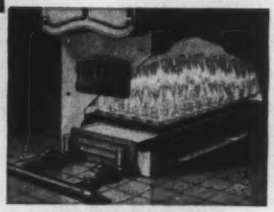

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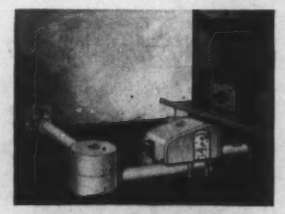

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THE WORLD TODAY

Shaking The Kremlin Walls

by Willson Woodside

THE WALLS of the Capitol in Washington may have been shaken a bit during Eisenhower's inauguration, but it was only by the cheering of the crowds at the quiet handing over of power to a new leader. In Moscow they have no such arrangement, and when power has to be transferred there, as is obviously being done in the jostling for the succession to Stalin, the Kremlin walls are shaken by the struggle within.

The beginning of a great new purge is signalled, most students of Soviet affairs agree, by the most serious accusations made since the famous state trials of 1936-38. The chief of the Kremlin medical administration is accused with eight other doctors, of murdering Politburo members Zhdanov and Shcherbakov, as part of an international conspiracy, just as in March 1938 Doctor Levin and two associates were accused of conspiring with NKVD chief Yagoda to murder Politburo members Menzhinsky and Kuibyshev and the writer Maxim Gorki.

The parallel must seem as ominous to the present NKVD head Beria as to the peoples of the USSR, who know that however a great purge may start and at whomever it may be aimed, there is a terrible danger of it running wild. For beyond the victims already named or surmised are their friends and colleagues, and beyond these are the friends of the friends and the colleagues of the colleagues. The purge of the '30's started with vengeful retribution for the assassination of Stalin's close associate Kirov, the party boss of Leningrad. Before it ended it had scourged the whole country and brought the police hammering at the doors of millions of citizens.

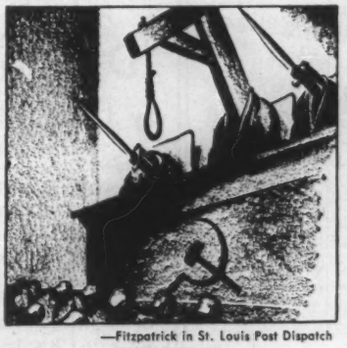
LET US START with the pieces of the puzzle which we have and try to fit them together, and perhaps we can get some idea of the overall picture. Andrei Zhdanov died suddenly in August 1948. That was just after Tito's defection, for which Zhdanov might have been held responsible, as the leading Soviet organizer of the Cominform.

It was also just at the critical period of the Berlin blockade, with war or peace in the balance; and Zhdanov was looked upon by many Soviet experts as the leader of the "war party" in the Politburo, whereas his rival and survivor Malenkov was believed to follow in the Stalin tradition of caution.

There was a natural suspicion in the outside world that Zhdanov had been liquidated in an internal struggle. The Soviet leadership seems to have believed that there would be a similar suspicion within the USSR and the Cominform, for it ostentatiously published Zhdanov's death certificate in *Pravda,* signed by five doctors (all, incidentally, non-Jewish, and only three of them included in the present indictment). Later, the word of a Swedish doctor who had been called in on the case and who said that Zhdanov died of cancer was generally accepted outside the USSR.

Why should Zhdanov's name be brought up now, especially as he was the chief rival for the succession to Malenkov, who is now believed to be in the ascendant? The nearest to an obvious reason for using Zhdanov's name is that it is the biggest one available, and makes the accusations as serious as they can be made without charging an assassination plot against Stalin himself. The use of Zhdanov's name, and of Shcherbakov's, another Politburo member who died in 1945, takes the plot right within the Kremlin walls. It could as easily mean that the search for culprits will begin within the Kremlin.

The resemblance to the accusations against Yagoda and the Kremlin doctors in 1938 is too close to be accidental. Surely it was intended that people would whisper that it looked as if Beria's number was up. Surely it was to help this whispering along that *Pravda* shortly came along with an attack on the carelessness of the organs of state security, that such a successful conspiracy should be possible.



—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post Dispatch

PURGE TRIAL

Beria's name has not been mentioned yet; indeed he was seated alongside Stalin at the annual Lenin celebration at the Bolshoi Theatre a week after *Pravda's* stricture. But there are indications that Beria's position has been steadily undermined during the past year. The job bears the handmark of Malenkov, lifelong student of Stalin's technique. If he is to be unchallenged in the succession, he must have his own appointee, someone who is bounden to him, at the head of the secret police and the special security troops of the MGB—the *Waffen SS* of the Soviet regime.

The undermining began over a year ago, when the Georgian Communist Party, the special preserve of the Georgian Beria, was severely criticized and purged of its leaders, all presumed to be protégés of the NKVD chief. Then in the placing of portraits of the Soviet great in the public squares of Moscow for the Party Congress last October, it was noticed that Beria had slipped from fourth place to sixth in this jealously regulated grading.

In the Party Congress itself only one of Beria's three chief assistants in the wielding of a supremely important sector of Soviet power, Minister of the Interior Kruglov, was made a full member of the Central Committee. The Minister of State Control, Merkulov, in spite of the dread importance of his position, was made only an alternate member; and Abakumov, in charge of the Ministry of State Security, which is now under criticism, was not named at all. It was rumored in December that he had been shot.

The commentator who has noted this, Paul Wohl of the *Christian Science Monitor,* also states that the charges of the current "conpiracy" were laid by the head of Stalin's own secretariat — a sort of government within the government—General A. N. Poskrebyshev, and not by Beria's Ministry of State Security. This, if true, would be very important, as it would indicate a combined action by Stalin and Malenkov; and Beria, as a fellow-Georgian long assumed to have Stalin's support, is hardly likely to be dislodged without such concerted action. Poskrebyshev supervised Stalin's purges of the 1930's, and emerged from his customary obscurity to give a sharp speech on discipline at the Party Congress.

If it were only a matter of firing Beria, that would be a simple affair. But here is concerned the man directly wielding the greatest power in the Soviet Union, with its secret agents in every government office and every party cell, its political officers located throughout the army, its guards along the frontier and its own armed forces placed at strategic points within the country to take care of any possible uprising. Beria has been at the seat of power of this vast organization for 15 years and has had time to thoroughly consolidate his grip over it, as his predecessors Yezhov and Yagoda, did not. This is a man to handle carefully, to undermine by degrees, until he is ready to be toppled safely.

NEVERTHELESS, if the purge concerned no more than removing Beria and securing the succession for Malenkov, things would be fairly straightforward. Clearly, however, it is complicated by the Voznessensky affair. Voznessensky was the head of the State Planning Commission and youngest of Politburo members and deputy premiers until he was suddenly fired in March 1949. No mention was made of him again until this January, when Soviet propaganda chief Suslov sharply attacked all those economists who had formerly praised Voznessensky's ideas and had not publicly recanted their heresy.

Edward Crankshaw, the Soviet expert of the London *Observer,* surmises from the manner of this attack, upholding as it does Stalin's recent assertion that the laws of economics cannot be changed by political action, that Voznessensky may have been the spokesman of a group of Soviet economists who urged that the time had come to make the long-mooted transition to Communism, and swing the Soviet economy toward the better life people have waited for so long.

"Stalin has been caught by his own propaganda," says Crankshaw. "The claims he has made, and encouraged others to make (above all, the unfortunate Voznessensky), have led not merely the masses but also the party élite to believe that prosperity is just around the corner. It is clear from Suslov's stridencies that the whole system has become infected with this innocent belief, and is inclined to throw blame on the government for not making the dream come true . . . Stalin has sought an alibi in the intransigence of natural laws of economics . . . His pronouncement may be as important and far-reaching in its effect as his adoption of the slogan 'Socialism in one country', which inaugurated the Five-Year Plans"—and wrote finis to an argument of years with the Trotskyites.

If this supposition should prove true, then the anti-Semitic and anti-Zionist theme introduced by the arrest of the Kremlin doctors, which has attracted the chief notice in the foreign press and drawn comparison with Hitler's anti-Semitism, may not be at the core of this purge, but be used to provide a more-or-less plausible "conspiracy" motif. In the purges of the 'thirties, the victims

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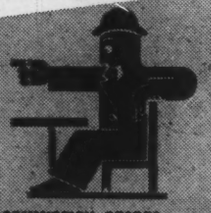

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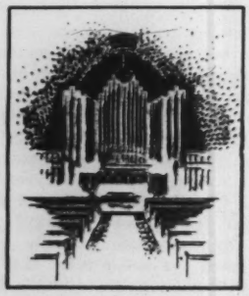

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were accused of conspiring to sell out the country to the Japanese and German Fascists. This time they are to be exposed as "agents of Western imperialism" or "Zionism", or both.

A major element of the Western "spy ring" is said to be that run by "Joint." This abbreviation for the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, which raises funds in America for the relief of needy Jews elsewhere, was thought somewhat comic. But when the head of the Jewish Community in Hungary is arrested, the Soviet line is simply this: he has been in regular contact with "Joint", receiving American-raised funds and distributing them to Jews in Hungary. "Don't try to tell us, with all of our experience in the game, that the Americans aren't getting anything for their money, or that such an arrangement isn't being used for its obvious purpose, the setting up of an intelligence service."

With that over-developed Russian suspicion, to which travellers' memoirs of the past two and three centuries invariably allude, the turning of Zionism to the U.S. for its main support in recent years, the role of Washington in establishing the state of Israel and of New York in financing it year by year, must make the whole Zionist enterprise suspect to the Soviet leaders as an adjunct of American policy. If *they* had played any such role, Israel would be *their* puppet.

Thus they can point to half of the Israeli cabinet, born in Russia but now "serving the Western imperialist enemy", "taking American money." They can show that the 250,000 Israeli who have relatives within the Soviet Union (50,000 of them were born within the borders of Tsarist Russia) have tried to maintain contact with these people. They will not have forgotten the great spontaneous demonstration of Moscow Jewry on the arrival of the first ambassadress from Israel, and the many Soviet Jews who came to the new embassy to put their names down for emigration to the Zionist homeland.

They know, too, that an underground railway was actually set up in 1945-46 to smuggle Jews out of the U.S.S.R. and Soviet-occupied territory, and succeeded in bringing out several thousands. Accounts of this operation which were circulated in New York, in an appeal for funds, stressed that the money was chiefly needed to bribe NKVD frontier guards. That will not pass unnoticed in the coming show trials. And the Soviets will naturally assume that where people can be smuggled out, others can be smuggled in.

It is the tragic position of the Jews in Russia that during the war with Germany their existence was menaced by Nazi hatred, while now it is menaced by American benevolence. Grim though the prospect is for them, and though they will be used in local trials as scapegoats for popular discontent, it would seem that anti-Zionism has been introduced into the current Soviet accusations mainly to provide a plausible line of "conspiracy" and that to misread what is going on as no more than a repetition of Hitler's anti-Semitism would be to miss its full scope and meaning.

"Dominion of Capricorn Africa"

by J. Halcro Ferguson

London.

It now seems almost certain that the British Government will go ahead with the scheme to unite the Rhodesias and Nyasaland in a Central African Federation. At the recent conference in London the basic views of Sir Godfrey Huggins of Southern Rhodesia and Mr. Roy Welensky of Northern Rhodesia have, with some reservations, been accepted by the white representatives of all three territories and by the British Government.

What is equally certain is that they have not been accepted by the four million Africans who make up the great majority of the population of the area. No Africans participated in the conference, though some were invited from Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia; but at meetings held both in Africa and in London to discuss the question, African opinion has been unanimous in rejecting federation on the present terms.

Feeling is particularly strong in Nyasaland, which is not a "white settler" country, and where native interests are constitutionally paramount. Nyasalanders and Northern Rhodesians fear that federation will mean an extension of the "twin pyramid" policy of Southern Rhodesia—the principle that the two races shall have what would be called in the United States "separate but equal" treatment. This, Africans feel, would differ in no essential respect from the *apartheid* policy of the Union of South Africa.

British missionaries active in Central Africa have also expressed themselves as opposed to federation at the present time, unless the following prerequisities can be realized: racial equality in the proposed Central African University, relaxation of the pass-laws which restrict movement and area of domicile for Africans, an extension of the franchise, legislation to eliminate the "industrial color bar" (particularly important in the North Rhodesian "copper belt"), increased African membership of legislative bodies, and a training scheme to fit Africans for skilled trades from which they are at present barred.

The arguments in favor of federation are practical ones—such as the interdependence of the territories in matters such as railway communications and hydro-electric power. Opponents of the present federation plans, on the other hand, argue that it is hardly a practical course, let alone an ethical one, to force through a scheme which is opposed by the vast majority of the people affected by it—whether their opposition is sensible or not.

TOWARDS UNITED EUROPE

Schuman Plan in Operation

by Nora Beloff

Strasbourg.

GREAT international expectations — but also nagging national fears — have dominated the debates here which preceded the opening of a common European market for coal and steel this week.

Parliamentary representatives from the six member States, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg, made their final review of what the common market will do to the material and political well-being of Western Europe. They agreed, also nervously, to stick to the original timetable and to open the coal and scrap iron markets on February 10 and the steel market two months later.

The great international expectations arise from the common conviction that this experiment marks the beginning of a European unity which will not be limited to coal and steel. One speaker after another has repeated the view that the drab, technical program lays the foundation for a United Europe, a great Power large enough to stand up to the Soviet Union and freed of its galling "poor relation" dependence on the United States.

THE OFFICIALS themselves concede that the coal and steel venture, for ideological reasons, *should not*, and for practical reasons *could not*, stop at coal and steel. No one is yet quite sure how far it will go nor where it will end. "Common market" implies free competition within a mass market formed by 155 million Europeans. But competition could only be truly free where producers shared the same basic conditions: the same fiscal and social security obligations, the same limitations on trusts and cartels, the same prices for machinery and transport, the same currency — in short, when production takes place within a single economic entity.

For the time being the opening of the market has limited form. The High Authority has announced a gradual policy designed to limit the disturbances inside the national economies.

With coal, prices will continue to be controlled as they now are, and for the first three months the channels of trade will remain unaltered, since these have been fixed in advance by the Organization for European Economic Cooperation in Paris. But double prices for domestic and foreign coal, particularly important in Germany, will be abolished. And the High Authority will ban discriminatory transport rates by which member countries favor their own producers.

With steel, where prices are no longer strictly controlled and supply of most kinds is plentiful, the opening of the market might have bigger repercussions. But here the High Authority will employ a multitude of saving clauses, for which the treaty provides.

EVEN SO, and despite repeated affirmations of faith in Europe, individual members of individual parliaments were evidently still thinking and still talking as Frenchmen, Germans and Italians, rather than as Europeans. German speakers expressed alarm that the break-up of their big industrial concentrations, imposed by the occupying powers, might weaken their competitive capacity. The French were alarmed by the formidable prospect of rivalry with the far more dynamic German economy.

The Dutch were wondering whether their own rigorously controlled price system might not be upset by a freer measure of European trade. All six were uncertain and suspicious of Britain's half-way position: neither quite inside nor quite outside the European community, but linked by still undefined bonds of "intimate association."

These are only a few samples of individual worries. Besides the honorable patriotic reservations, there is also the automatic hostility of certain big businessmen to an authority pledged to make coal and steel cheaper to the European consumer.

The operation is still strictly in a planning phase. Judgment must be reserved until a common market is installed and the High Authority has fulfilled its declared intention of raising taxes, issuing loans and planning investment.

But it can already be predicted that this is going to be a difficult, indeed a hazardous, operation. What is now at stake is not just the wholesale trade in coal and steel, it is also the whole principle of European union. The coal and steel pool has become the test case: the European community—politically and militarily, as well as economically — is likely to stand or fall by the results.

NORA BELOFF *is Paris correspondent of the London* Observer.

—Burck in The Chicago Sun-Times

ONE BIG FAMILY

What about your heart?

PERHAPS no other part of the body has been studied as intensively as the heart. Today new techniques are being developed to reveal more and more facts about how the human heart works.

A great deal has been learned about the sources of energy which enable the heart to perform its Herculean task. The heart must drive five to ten tons of blood through the arteries and veins every day—365 days a year—for the 68 years of the average individual's lifetime. In this period, the amount of blood pumped may reach the impressive total of 250,000 tons. Moreover, the heart must function continuously—resting only a fraction of a second between beats.

Studies in the diagnosis and treatment of heart disease have also led to improvements in the interpretation of heart murmurs, electrocardiograms, and X-ray photographs of the heart and blood vessels. In addition, these studies have brought about a better understanding of the action of heart drugs so that they may now be used with greater benefit to patients. Many other advances have also helped make it possible for doctors to diagnose and treat heart trouble more effectively now than ever before.

Encouraging as this progress has been, the fact remains that heart disease is still the leading cause of death. It is wise for everyone to take certain simple precautions to protect the heart so that it may continue to do its job as one grows older. Here are some of them:

1. Do not wait for the appearance of symptoms that may indicate heart trouble—shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart beat, pain in the chest—before seeing a doctor. It is wiser to arrange now—while you are feeling well—to have a thorough health check-up. Such check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control—and possibly cure—are best. It is wise to have a complete health examination *every* year—or as often as the doctor recommends.

2. Keep your weight down. Excess pounds tax both the heart and the blood vessels. Doctors are now stressing the importance of diet in the treatment of various heart and blood vessel disorders. For example, restricted diets have benefited many patients.

3. Learn to take things in your stride. Avoid hurry, pressure and emotional upsets that may be brought about by overwork, too much and too sudden physical exertion, and other excesses. These can cause your heart to beat faster and put an extra burden on your circulation.

Even if heart disease should occur, remember that most people who have it can live just about as other people do—*but at a slower pace*. In fact, when patients follow the doctor's advice about adequate rest, weight control, and the avoidance of nervous tension and strenuous physical exertion, the outlook is reassuring.

Doctors can now say to many heart patients: "If you live within your heart's limitations, your chances for a happy and comfortable life are good."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Case of the Landlocked Salmon

An article some weeks ago in SATURDAY NIGHT *dealt with an experiment being carried out by the Provincial Government of Alberta, in which 80,000 Sockeye salmon fingerlings were hatched in the provincial hatchery at Calgary and were later put in a reservoir.*

ONE wonders why the Alberta fish hatchery officials should go to the Montana State Fisheries Branch for salmon eggs, especially when it is realized that in the interior of British Columbia there already exist and have existed ever since the Province was discovered, sockeye salmon who live, move and have their being and never go to sea. These salmon go under the name of Kokanee. Actually they are land-locked sockeye salmon with all the markings and similar characteristics of the sockeye salmon which go to sea for the greater part of their lives before returning to the place they were born.

When the Kokanee salmon were first discovered and biologically examined and the conclusion reached by our scientists that these Kokanee sockeye salmon had formerly gone to sea, the theory was held that in early years Indians, perhaps, had either taken eggs from the anadromous sockeye or sockeye salmon themselves and placed them in these lakes which had no outlet to the sea and that the progeny or resulting young salmon adapted themselves to these conditions and survived. We now know that such a theory is not entirely the case, for the biologists of the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission of which I am a member, have discovered Kokanee in certain lakes and rivers which have outlets to the sea and to which these salmon could go if so inclined. On the other hand of course if one were to theorize, these salmon simply adopted their four years of life in fresh water in preference to dividing the same between the fresh and salt waters of the sea.

The Kokanee or land-locked sockeye salmon which are found in great quantities in certain lakes and rivers in the interior of British Columbia, have all the characteristics of their anadromous cousins, the sockeye salmon which go out to sea where they live and grow for a period of two years or more before returning to the place where they were born. In other words the Kokanee after a life of four years and similar to the sockeye salmon, spawn at the place where they were born, following which they too die.

THE SHAPE and markings of the Kokanee are similar to those of the sockeye, the only distinction being that they are smaller and as already mentioned for some unknown reason do not go out to sea but are content to stay in the rivers or lakes.

It may be of interest to you to know that our biologists of the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission are at present carrying out an interesting investigation to see if we can induce the Kokanee to return to their former habit of going out to sea. The object of this research is primarily that if successful it might be the means of increasing the commercial catch of the fishermen of the sockeye salmon of the Fraser River.

The flesh of the Kokanee is the same in color and texture as that of the sockeye salmon and as a matter of fact the only difference in the two is the difference in size. It should be mentioned here that the great growth of the sockeye salmon is made when out in the open waters of the sea where they grow to a weight of between six and a half to ten pounds, whereas the Kokanee average around one and a half to two pounds.

After reading your article I felt that this information should be placed before the readers of your paper and perhaps brought to the attention likewise of the officials of the Government Fish Hatchery at Calgary, drawing their attention to the fact that if they had investigated a little further instead of going to the United States it might have saved them a lot of research and expense, as they could obtain, without delay, the eggs from land-locked sockeye salmon and be sure the progeny, if they survived were already adapted to inland waters.

In conclusion may I say, that what might be a real discovery in the matter of the Kokanee or land-locked salmon would be to find out just why and what changed them from anadromous fish to that of fresh water fish and to that end we in British Columbia are giving such an investigation some thought.

Ottawa (Senator) THOMAS REID

Palestine Problem

I HAVE noted with extreme surprise that in his widely publicized talks on the Palestine problem, Mr. A. J. Bradette, the chairman of Canada's House of Commons, External Affairs Committee, failed to mention whether he had inquired at all into the Arab refugee problem, which is the principal issue blocking a settlement in the Palestine dispute.

Mr. Bradette has allowed himself to be grossly misinformed on the whole Palestine problem . . .

Canadians, I feel, have the right to be indignant, because from Mr. Bradette's "observations" will depend the shaping of Canada's future foreign policy toward the Near East. It would have been entirely different if Mr. Bradette had traveled there at his own expense and without an official status.

Some 850,000 Arab refugees are still awaiting repatriation, while living in most precarious circumstances in UN camps, despite a unanimous decision of the UN General Assembly of December 11, 1948, that all refugees should be permitted to return to their rightful homes . . .

Montreal, Que. M. S. MASSOUD

CONTEST FOR GAS MARKET

The Broad Outlook for Western Oil

by W. P. Snead

THE FUTURE of the western oil industry lies in three big steel pipes: one growing, one building and one at the point of decision. The first is the Interprovincial pipeline, now in the process of expansion to deliver an ultimate 300,000 barrels per day to Sarnia. The second is the Trans-Mountain Pipeline, now snaking its way over the mountains to carry more than 200,000 barrels per day to the oil hungry Pacific Northwest area presently supplied by California. The third is the West coast Gas Transmission line, presently awaiting the resumption of hearings by the Federal Power Commission of the United States, and planned to serve Vancouver and the Northwest states with natural gas.

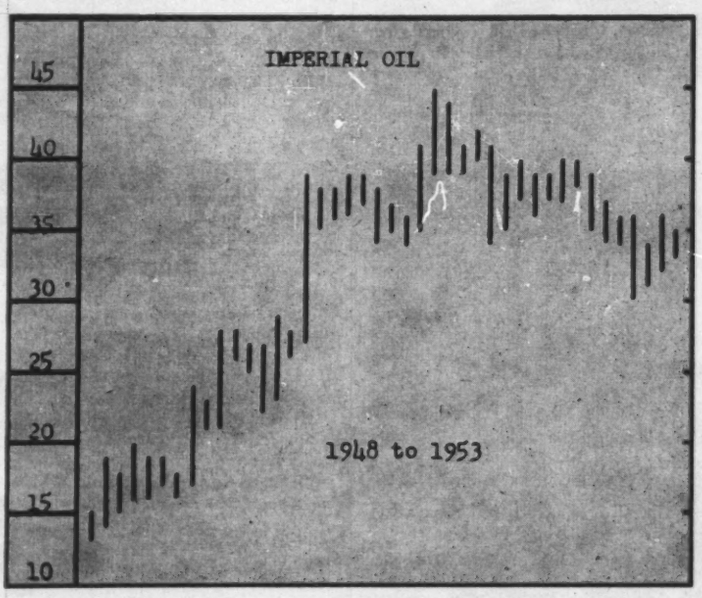
Completion of the Trans-Mountain line this summer, and the extension of the Interprovincial line will change the present picture of oversupply of oil, with output limited by transportation, to one of undersupply. With demand for Trans-Mountain oil in the Vancouver-Seattle-Portland area, where several refineries are being built and expanded, estimated at 300,000 barrels per day, Prairie requirements close to 100,000 barrels per day and Interprovincial demand 300,000 barrels per day, current daily production of 170,000 barrels must be expanded considerably if this demand is to be met.

PRODUCTION from present proven reserves of around 1.7 billion barrels is limited by the controlling factor of the maximum efficiency rating, generally seven per cent of the recoverable reserves per year, set to assure maximum recovery. This factor gives us a current potential production of little more than 300,000 b.p.d. against an estimated total demand of 700,000 b.p.d.

Thus one action leads to another. Where Prairie product requirements had stimulated exploration and the oversupply of oil had in turn brought the pipelines to take it to market, now the pipelines are restimulating exploration to supply the expanding markets. A further factor in this regard is the change of California's position from an oil exporter to an importer, with oil being brought in from Sumatra and by pipeline from Texas.

To the smaller companies, with diminishing working capital and limited production income, this prospect is a little too remote for comfort. Lease and reservation rentals must be paid and drilling costs be met. When we consider that the odds are eight to one against finding oil in any wildcat and 43 to 1 against finding a pool capable of producing the million barrels needed for profitable commercial operation their prospects appear doubtful. Mergers and amalgamations seem to be the only solutions to the dilemma of how to continue leases and exploration when expansion of production income lies months away. Thus the percentages favor the larger companies with adequate resources in the location of new fields.

The price of oil is another factor to be considered. Oil is a world commodity and the key price-setting point for oil is the Gulf Port Rate established in Texas. Canada is not immune to changes in these base rates, for most of the oil requirements of Ontario and eastern provinces are still supplied by imports. Oil enters Canada by pipeline at Sarnia from the U.S. South American crude comes to Montreal by tanker and pipeline and to Toronto by a products line. Toronto is the focal point for competitive pricing and any changes in prices are reflected back to Edmonton.



With strong evidence appearing that the oil industry is moving into a state of oversupply in the U.S. in the form of increasing stocks of refined products and a declining price trend for them, there is a distinct possibility that crude prices will be reduced with a disproportionate effect on the small companies with limited production facilities. In addition, should the Iranian situation, to which world oil production has been adjusted, get out of hand, the dumping of large quantities of Iranian crude on the world market would jar the price structure severely.

We may conclude, from the foregoing, that the short term view for the minor producing companies is not too favorable, while stronger companies, with adequate reserves and working capital, should over the longer term show improvement in both assets and earnings. Refining companies on the other hand may see earnings remain static or decrease somewhat due to competitive market conditions.

Let us turn now to the gas situation. Hearings will be resumed in Washington on February 16 to consider the application of the Westcoast Gas Transmission Line for entry into the Seattle-Spokane-Portland marketing area. This project, already given Dominion approval on the basis of the Hume report, which indicated reserves in the Peace River area in excess of 2.5 trillion cubic feet, will face stiff opposition from the American group seeking permission to bring gas from the San Juan gas field in New Mexico.

This group, headed by Ray Fish of the Pacific Northwest Pipeline Corp., previously was active in a project to supply gas through the existing Panhandle Eastern Pipeline to Windsor, Toronto and Montreal by expanding the facilities of Union Gas.

Should Westcoast win the Northwest market this group may press for a permit to develop this service under a reciprocal trade treaty. This would, of course, clash directly with the politically cherished all-Canadian gas line from Alberta to Ontario sponsored by Trans-Canada Pipelines. Considerable high level political horse trading is likely before approval of these projects is finally given. Powerful oil interests in the U.S. and New York financing groups also will exert varying degrees of pressure behind the scenes, for Westcoast is sponsored by the Pacific Petroleum group which in turn is associated with Sunray Oil of Delaware, while Trans-Canada is backed by the powerful Murchison interests through Delhi Oil and Canadian Delhi Oil. Northwest Pipeline is backed up by White, Weld & Co. a New York investment banking house.

Thus politics will be as much a deciding factor as the economics of the situation. Final costs of gas to the consumer should be the ruling factor in the decision, for excessive construction costs could price gas above the competitive level offered by fuel oils. On this basis it seems reasonable to expect an interchange agreement providing Canadian gas to the Pacific Northwest and American gas to Ontario and Quebec.

FINALLY let us examine the market action and prospects of Imperial as a specific case against this background. Possessing some 750 million barrels of oil reserves and one trillion cu. ft. of gas reserves, Imperial is the dominant producing, refining and marketing company in the Canadian oil industry.

As the chart illustrates, the discovery and development of western oil coupled with the upward trend of the stock markets since 1949, has served to lift the price of the stock from 14 in 1948 to a high of 45 in 1951.

This advance overdiscounted the growth of assets and earnings and the price retreated nearly 15 points to a low of 30⅝ last October. Since then a recovery has brought the price back to the 34-36 level.

While the long term prospects are unquestionably good the short term outlook points toward fairly static earnings and dividends with increased crude earnings offset by expansion costs and possible declines in product prices under U.S. competition. Maximum earnings and dividends would seem to be about $1.60 and 80 cents per share for the next few years, giving a dividend yield on current prices of about two per cent.

Together with valuation of the company on a per share basis, where oil reserves of 25 barrels—using the 39.4 cent valuation of the parent company Standard Oil of New Jersey—amount to $10.00, gas reserves 80 cents, net fixed assets—less debt—$4.66, investments $1.63 and working capital $7.30 give us a round figure estimate of $24.50 the low yield shows the stock to be overvalued from the investment point of view.

Comparison of the company with its parent—which holds 70 per cent of the capitalization of 30 million shares will amplify this. Jersey with a capitalization of 60.5 million shares,

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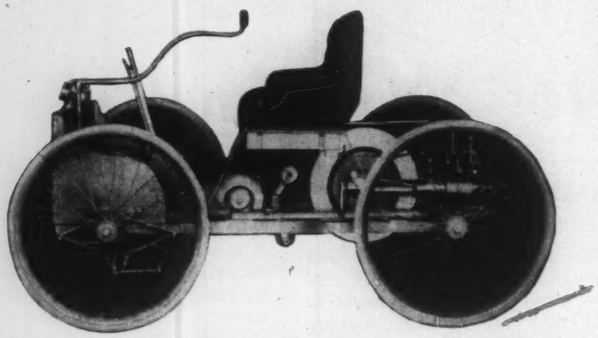
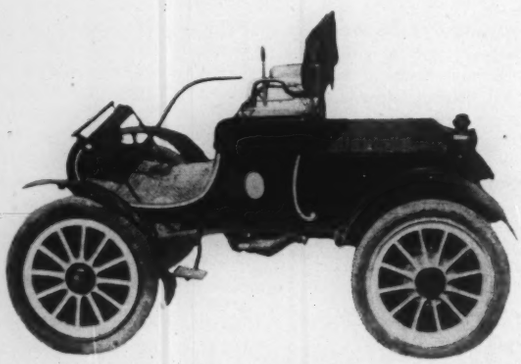
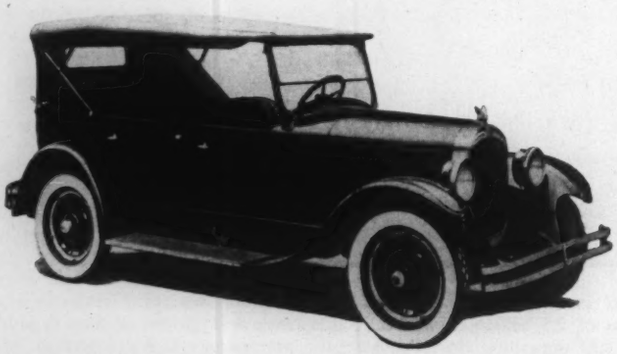


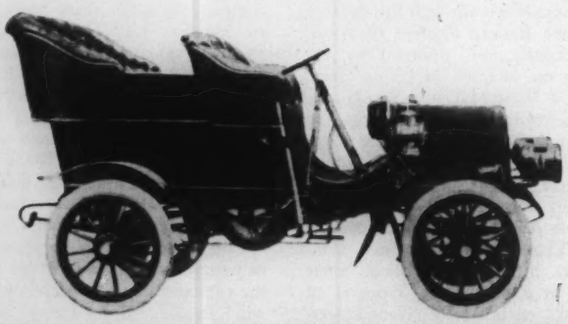
The First Ford Car—From this "horseless carriage" of 1896 came the long line of cars that was to help change the way of life of millions.



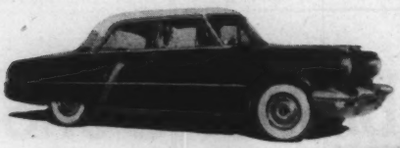
Not the "merry Oldsmobile" of the popular song but the 1900 version, from which have descended the cars of General Motors.



Jack Benny's Maxwell was the forerunner of the first Chrysler built in 1924 that later grew into the cars of today.

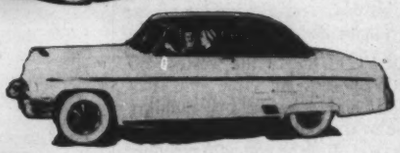


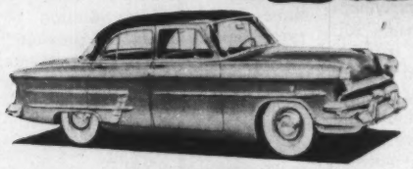
This 1904 Studebaker with the bulb horn, outside gearshift and kerosene lamps was a marvel of engineering nearly 50 years ago.



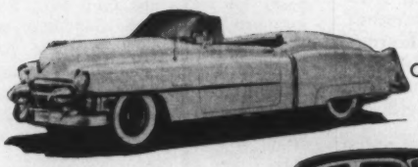
The Lincoln "Capri".

The 1953 Mercury.



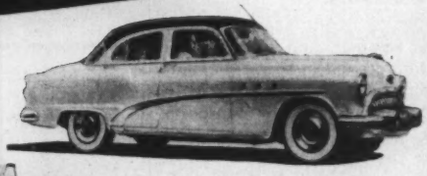


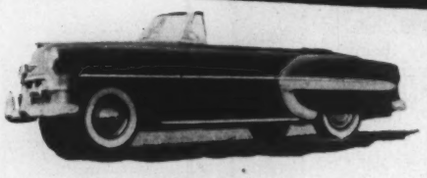
The new Ford.



Cadillac "El Dorado".

Buick for '53





Chevrolet "Bel Air".

Chrysler "New Yorker".

The new DeSoto.

The Dodge "Regent".

Rakish "continental" styling in the "Commander" series maintains the Studebaker tradition.

CARRIAGE TO CONVERTIBLE

The Automobile: Evolution on Wheels

By Hugh Garner

TO THE tipsy wayfarers adrift on a Detroit street one wet May night in 1896 the sight was enough to make them sign the pledge. Careening down the block was a queer contraption running under its own power, and bearing on its high buggy-like seat a young mechanic from Dearborn Township named Henry Ford. Whether or not this strange performance put any of its audience on the path of sobriety we don't know, but it was an historical occasion nevertheless: it was the beginning of the automotive age.

Henry Ford's horseless carriage was not the first self-propelled vehicle, but, like Queen Victoria's death five years later, it marked the end of an era and the birth of a faster, less placid way of life. It, and other automobiles (as they later were called), cut time and space and introduced revolutionary changes in transportation, road-building, town and country relationships, and the living and working habits of whole nations. What the railroads had only partly succeeded in doing in 75 years of existence, the automobile was to complete in half the time. Though thousands of population centers in North America were, and still are, without railroad transportation, very few are now isolated from each other, thanks to the automobile.

THE SELF-PROPELLED vehicle dates back to the 18th Century when Nicholas Cugnot, a Frenchman, built a successful three-wheeled steam carriage in 1770. This was soon followed by similar inventions in England and on the Continent, some of which ran scheduled passenger routes.

The forward advance of the steam carriage was, unlike that of the steam locomotive, brought to a halt by oppressive legislation and increased tolls for such vehicles on roads and bridges. A typical case of such legislation was that passed by the English Parliament in 1831, which decreed that any steam carriage on a public thoroughfare must be preceded by a man on foot, carrying a red flag by day or a red lantern by night. This halted development until after 1896, when the law was repealed.

Although steam propulsion was a radically new method of road transportation it never offered much opposition to the horse, the reason being that it was too cumbersome and expensive for personal use. Mass production of the automobile had to wait for the invention of a cheap and relatively simple power plant. This came about in 1885 when the high-speed internal combustion engine was patented by the German, Gottlieb Daimler.

Credit for the first automobile is usually given to a man named Krebs, who in 1894 designed the first car to incorporate many of the essential features still in use today. Krebs' car,

THE ubiquitous Model T Ford.

called the Panhard, had a vertical engine under a hood at the front, a modern type of chassis, sliding gear transmission, clutch and brake pedals, and a foot accelerator. However, the automobile was not the product of any single man nor even of men within a single century, for a score of inventors in England, Europe and the U.S.A. contributed to its birth between the middle of the 19th Century and into the 20th.

The invention of the motor car, revolutionary as it was, did not tilt the world on its axis right away. The majority of people still rode bicycles or drove along the dirt roads behind old Dobbin. The automobile was looked upon as a clever gadget by some, and as an invention of the Devil by others. It was a noisy, smelly object of derision wherever it appeared, and its passengers received the type of homage that at an earlier date had been given to inventors of perpetual motion machines, and which would be given later to the discoverer of non-alcoholic beer. Two things brought about its early acceptance: its mass production and cheapness, which made it available to most of the population.

The chasm between the invention of a thing and its production for use is usually insurmountable for the inventor, but in the case of the automobile this rule was broken over and over again, many of the automotive pioneers becoming manufacturers. Most of them were content to build their early automobiles by hand, but one of them, Henry Ford, introduced mass production into his manufacturing methods. Next to the invention of the motor car itself this new conception did more to advance the automotive age than anything before or since. Through the availability of his Model T he created several generations of week-end gypsies, and changed the geographical surface of America with a network of highways that put to shame anything since the Roman roads. These changes grew like amoeba, multiplying and subdividing until the whole pattern of modern life began to hinge on the automobile.

In 1903 the industry had grown so fast that The Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers was formed in the United States. This organization granted licenses to the manufacturers of automobiles for the next eight years, under the Selden Patent. In 1913 it was superseded by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, which instituted the "cross-licence" agreement whereby any member might use the patents held by any other member, without paying a royalty. This agreement ran out in 1925.

Early in the century cars of every description were produced, from electric models to Wood and Stanley Steamers. They ran on solid and pneumatic tires, had oil, acetylene or electric lamps, and were propelled with chain, bevel gear or friction drive. They had bar, tiller or wheel steering: planetary or sliding gear transmissions; and from one to eight cylinders, with a few twelves and sixteens. One feature common to all was

GM's Le Sabre—Streamliner of Tomorrow.

a hand crank, which started the motor on occasion, or broke the driver's wrist when it didn't.

The first cars were a mechanical projection of the family buggy, without the faithful horse prancing ahead between the shafts. Many of them were built by former buggy builders such as Studebaker or with bodies made by coach manufacturers such as the Fisher Bros. As if men did not quite believe in the permanence of this new form of locomotion some of the early models were built with tops which sported a knotted string fringe, built-in flower vases, and at least one sported a holder for a driving whip.

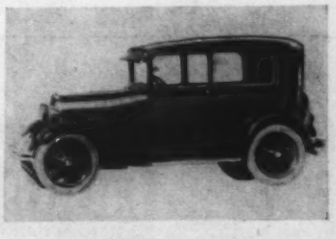
Almost from the beginning Canada took to the automobile alongside its bigger cousin south of the border, and quickly became the second biggest car owner in the world in ratio of population, after the United States. Even so there were only 5,890 cars registered in Canada in 1910, but in the following decade this figure increased 4300 per cent to 251,945 automobiles on Canadian roads. By 1930 these had further increased to more than a million, and everyone knew that the automobile was here to stay.

Reaction fought a losing battle with progress; towns and hamlets that had tried to curtail the driving of cars by means of by-laws began to repeal them with all the stealth of a small boy hiding his gum in the classroom. The prohibitions in some provinces against motoring on Sundays were dropped. Man-made laws against the automobile were forgotten, but nature and chance still collected their toll from the motoring adventurers.

A thirty-mile trip by car in the days before World War I was something like a safari through the Congo. The motorist was at the mercy of the elements, all four-footed animals, the whims of his bronchial engine, roads that had been built for farm wagons, and the omnipresent horseshoe nail. In those days tires carried a guarantee of 2,000 miles, and the success of a motor trip was measured by the number of punctures that had to be patched by the roadside. An early Canadian driver recently told an audience that he used to carry seven spare inner-tubes on a trip.

Slowly but surely the automobile evolved from being the bane of the rich man's life, and became a necessary means of transportation for much of the population. During this evolution it acquired both respectability and dependability. It ran now on wide asphalt and macadam ribbons, not only in the cities and towns, but between them, through a countryside that welcomed it as a key to wider horizons and a release from the insularity of the farm.

Along with its increase in numbers came the growth of its position in the general scheme of things. No longer did children cry, "Get a horse!" as a car went by. The automobile became a sociological factor slightly less important than a home. Its back seat replaced the living room sofa as a private retreat for spooners; and it was responsible for statistics in the Kinsey Report, and cartoons in the *New Yorker*. It went through many phases of construction and design, and a bewildering assortment of models were built: called, variously, the sport phaeton, landau, cabriolet, runabout, phaeton, limousine, two-door and four-door sedan, town sedan, coach, sport sedan, and convertible. The roadster spawned, among other things, a thousand mother-in-law jokes, and the coupé successfully



1928 Elegance. "New Era" Model A.

By Guess or By Design . . .

One day last December . . . it was December 4th to be exact . . . Mr. Murray Kingsley came in to see us. Murray Kingsley, of course, isn't his real name, but the story we are going to tell is real, every bit of it.

Murray Kingsley holds a responsible job with a large Canadian company and had come to us on two or three occasions because he needed assistance in working out some rather involved security matters for company account. The officers of his company seemed pleased with the manner in which we worked for them, and Murray seemed relieved to have experienced people to advise him and work with him.

Naturally we got a kick out of doing business with his company, who are old friends of ours, but we really got a much bigger kick out of helping Murray himself . . . he seemed so appreciative.

On December 4th when he came in, he said to us—"I've never bought many securities for my own account, but I'm getting some loan repayments every three months or so, and maybe I should have a plan for investing them or, first thing I know, the money will be spent. What should I do?"

Well, for the next few minutes, Murray must have thought he was dealing with the secret police. We started to ask some pretty personal questions. Did he own his own home? Was there a mortgage against it? Did his company have a pension plan? Exactly what securities did he now own? and so on.

From questions and answers, we got into discussion and finally agreed that a programme of investment in common stocks was the thing for him but . . . only investment type common stocks of certain leading Canadian companies. We drew up an approved list and suggested he buy one at a time in amounts of about $500 and later on, as money should come in, to add about $500 to each. We think he can stand about $1,000 per company.

However, the important thing is not what he said or what we said. The important thing is that Murray Kingsley now has a plan. He invests not "by guess" but "by design." He will follow a plan worked out for him personally, that is practical, simple, and sound as a bell for what he needs and what he wants.

For Murray Kingsley, having a personal investment plan is pretty important. We think it's pretty important for every investor . . . whether he deals in a little or a lot. If you do not have an investment plan or are in doubt about your present programme . . . or are just plain curious . . . we invite you to write us or drop in to any of our offices.

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solved the problem of leaving mothers-in-law at home.

Despite their popularity at the time, the roadster and the coupé were not lastingly successful for they violated the rule that the automobile is primarily a joint family possession like the refrigerator. A car that only seats two people (or, in the case of the roadster, seats two extra passengers in a rain-swept rumble seat) excludes it as a means of family transportation and week-end relaxation. A car small enough in size and price, yet big enough to hold both parents and children, became the goal of the automotive designers and engineers.

DUE to the twin prods of competition and buyer preference, each year brought forth changes in power plant, accessories, color schemes and general design. Wooden spokes gave way to wire wheels, and these, in turn, became metal discs. The self-starter made the hand crank obsolescent overnight, and the "balloon" tire came into general use, losing its name in the process. The manufacturers and advertisers coined different names and phrases which sometimes meant the same thing in several makes of cars. Such terms as free wheeling, high compression, powerglide, and spring suspension, found their way into the language. Speed was increased to twice the rate of most provincial speed limits, and comfort reached the point of opulence. Chrome came into its own, and cars were streamlined as if they might take off and fly if fitted out with wings. Safety now became the prime consideration of manufacturer and buyer alike; safety glass, self-dimming headlights, improved brakes, puncture-proof tires and all-steel bodies replaced the unmanageable, careening goldfish bowls of a generation before. The automobile became as safe, comfortable and dependable as modern engineering skill could make it. Yet, due to its numbers and to the fact that each car must have a driver, accidents have risen over the years at a rate which is causing legislatures and civic governments to STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN to the problem of street and highway carnage.

THE future expansion of the automotive industry is dependent on the growth and modernization of our highway system and the availability of motor fuels and lubricants. As far as the latter is concerned there is no reason to expect any shortages in the foreseeable future, even though Canada's motor vehicles gulped a staggering total of 1,540 million gallons of gas during 1951. The discovery of new Canadian and foreign oil fields, and the expansion of our oil industry, are keeping pace with motor vehicle production.

Canada's highways present a different picture. Road mileage in 1930 was slightly under 400,000 miles, and had increased by about 100,000 miles by the beginning of the war. In the next decade, up to 1950, only 70,000 more miles were added to this, making a total of 567,000 miles. During the same period of time motor vehicle registrations have risen from a million in 1930 to three million in 1952, while over two million American cars were driven over Canada's highways in the first eleven months of last year.

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and the weakest link in our automotive picture is the lack of modern highways. This is an immediate problem that must be solved—and quickly—by our Federal and provincial governments. Lack of revenue cannot be blamed for this state of affairs, for in 1951 the provinces received more than $250 million from automobile operators, which meant that each motorist paid out $88 in operating taxes and licences on his car, $3 more than he paid the year before.

In the past both aeroplanes and helicopters have been touted as sounding the death knell of the automobile, yet today Canada's automotive industry is expanding as never before. The manufacture of cars and trucks, almost overlooked in the economic picture fifty years ago, is big business today.

In employment figures alone the industry and its affiliates are responsible for a large chunk of this country's working force. The first Canadian to sell an automobile at retail was W. S. Smith of Toronto, who sold his first car around the turn of the century. Today there are 5200 car dealers in Canada, employing over 57,000 people, with a further 35,000 workers in the automobile plants themselves. Add to this the 148,000 people employed in 350 automobile supply firms, and the total of those dependent on the manufacture, sale and servicing of motor cars reaches almost a quarter of a million.

THE motor manufacturers are expanding their plants to produce an increase of cars and trucks over the estimated 435,000 they built in 1952. One of these, Ford, has literally "put a roof on a farm" by building a new 32½ acre assembly plant near Oakville, Ontario, while other manufacturers are following suit, either by building new plants or extending their present ones.

Every technological forward step leaves a corresponding imprint on the past, whether it be cultural, social, economic or historical. The automobile has left its tire marks deeply imprinted on the last fifty years in Canada. It has helped build our suburbs, changed our shopping habits, drawn the farm and the city together, increased (some say, decreased) our social life, helped to bring about higher wages and the eight-hour day, congested our streets, given birth to the oil and rubber industries, and revolutionized the courting habits of our young. A Canada without automobiles is as unthinkable today as a Canada without people.

The average automobile owner loves his inanimate machine with an all-consuming love, and the average pedestrian curses it with an unbridled hate. But every year there are more of the first and less of the second. The ancient vaudeville question, "Do you think the automobile will supplant the horse?" can now be answered with a decided, "Yes!"

If you don't believe it, just watch the cars go by.

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending March 31, 1953, payable April 2, 1953, to shareholders of record March 3, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 2, 1953.

BARYMIN COMPANY LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 13

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an extra dividend of four cents per share out of 1952 earnings has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, on March 20, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business March 2, 1953.

By Order of the Board.
W. W. McBRIEN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

January 26, 1953.

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CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 262

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the second day of March next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of January, 1953.

By order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., January 20, 1953.

TRADE PROMOTION

Sterling Views Gold Price

by John L. Marston

WHATEVER the reason for the Dutch authorities' decision to convert dollar balances into gold, the reaction to this move has been significant. The advocates of a rise in the official price of gold believe that their cause has gained the support of a government that is willing to act on the idea that gold will soon appreciate in terms of dollars.

The revival of interest in the free gold markets dates back, however, to the Commonwealth conference in London in November-December last. Although there were hints during the conference that the Canadian attitude had hardened in favour of a higher price for gold, the conference itself gave no clear lead to the markets, and, indeed, the final communique omitted to mention the subject. It was soon realized, however, that the omission was as significant as any statement could have been. It is now confidently believed, in London and in other sterling centres, that at that conference agreement was reached in favor of a higher price for the monetary metal.

Most outspoken, of course, has been the advocacy of South Africa, as the principal producer of gold. But South Africa is a sterling country; so the interest of the whole sterling area is obvious, especially as production is considerable also in such countries as Australia and the Gold Coast.

It is understood that American opposition to a rise in the official price of gold is due partly to the recognition that, in the matter of current production, it would benefit primarily the sterling area, not spread its benefits evenly among the countries deficient of dollars. But it is known that the British Government's support, which is now virtually admitted, of the campaign for a rise in the price is not concerned primarily with current production; although, admittedly, the international value of any important commodity produced in the sterling area is a matter of keen interest to the British authorities.

British financial policy has reached the point where it is ready to make sterling convertible with dollars as soon as possible. The internal policies of the individual sterling countries have been shaped to this purpose. But it is an incontrovertible fact that the sterling area's monetary reserves are too small to function as the basis of a convertible currency. The gold and dollar reserve has recovered from the low point of $1,662 million disclosed for end-April last, but during 1952 as a whole it diminished from $2,335 million to $1,846 million. To build it up to an adequate level—whatever that may be—would take years at the present rate of progress.

It is not pretended that the inadequacy of the gold reserve could be made good by a stroke of the administrative pen. The National City Bank of New York, in its recent discourse on the price of gold, assumed that a rise in the price by 50 per cent was as much as could be reasonably considered. Such an increase, it calculated, would raise the value of all gold reserves outside of the United States by only $5,400 million and would raise the value of current production, at its recent rate, by only $380 million. Unknown quantities—probably not really large—would also be taken out of hoard.

Some economists in Britain regard the whole discussion as futile, because, they say, the American Government has decided once and for all that the price of gold shall remain at $35 an ounce, and that is the end of the matter. The new American Administration is certainly not anxious to continue foreign aid; and it can be argued for a rise in the gold price that aid could be economized if the sterling area, mining considerably more than half of currently-produced gold, could earn more dollars by that means.

What matters is not that gold shall be forever fixed in terms of money, but that, at any general price-level, it shall effectively facilitate international trade.

Western Oil

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

currently selling around 75, earned an estimated $8.60 per share and paid dividends of $4.25 in 1952 to give a yield of 5.6 per cent. Reserves of 133 barrels and working capital of $20.00 per share alone give a valuation of $73.00 per share.

Dividend yields and that ephemeral thing known as market sentiment are far more effective factors in setting stock prices than estimates of value, which being based on historical statistics are no guarantee of the future. The investor is more interested in his "take home" pay and this in turn leads us to the technical side of the picture and a study of the price movements depicted by the chart.

Since the high of 45 was recorded in 1951 the price has retreated in a broad downtrend under the weight of investor selling to realize the extensive capital gains available from the tripling of the price from the 1948 low of 14. The current recovery can only be classed as a short term rebound. Persistent selling since the turn of the year has halted each advance near 36 and the action indicates progress to the 40 mark will be very difficult.

Minor support has been maintained above 33 but major support is indicated in the 28-30 level. If broken a long term objective of 22 could come under test.

At current prices the stock is uninteresting with a yield of two per cent far out of line with bond yields of four per cent. Should the price retreat to around the 22 mark investors will again find the long term growth factors of rewarding interest.

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Sibbaldwood Dairies, Limited

Class "A" Dividend No. 26

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1953 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on February 27th, 1953.

Class "B" Dividend No. 21

Notice is also given that a dividend of ten cents (10c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "B" Shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1953, to shareholders of record as at the close of business February 27th, 1953.

By Order of the Board,

L. R. GRAY,
Secretary.

London, Ontario,
January 22nd, 1953.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending February 28, 1953, payable on the 2nd day of March, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 3rd day of February, 1953. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, January 27th, 1953.

DAVIS LEATHER COMPANY LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½c per share has been declared on the outstanding Class A shares of this Company, payable March 1, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on February 14, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

KENNETH C. BENNINGTON,
Secretary.

Newmarket, Ontario,
January 28, 1953.

Agnew-Surpass SHOE STORES LIMITED

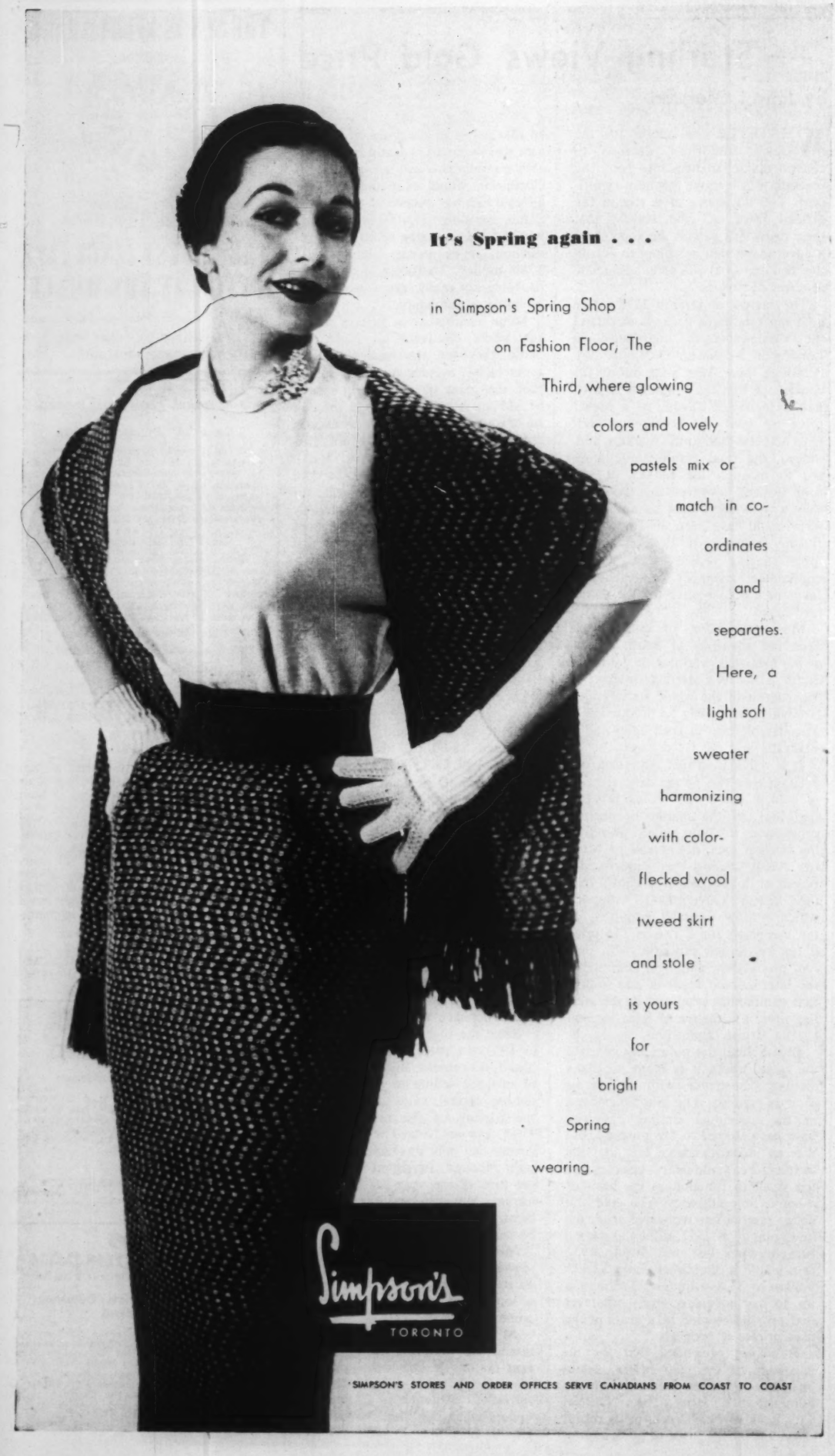
55th Consecutive Common Dividend

A dividend of ten cents (10c) per share on all issued common shares of the Company has been declared payable March 2 next, to all shareholders of record as at the close of business January 30, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

K. R GILLELAN,
Vice-Pres. & Sec.-Treas.

Brantford Ont., Jan. 28, 1953.


It's Spring again . . .
in Simpson's Spring Shop on Fashion Floor, The Third, where glowing colors and lovely pastels mix or match in co-ordinates and separates. Here, a light soft sweater harmonizing with color-flecked wool tweed skirt and stole is yours for bright Spring wearing.
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*SIMPSON'S STORES AND ORDER OFFICES SERVE CANADIANS FROM COAST TO COAST

FILMS

Over- and Under-

by Mary Lowrey Ross

ABOUT THE BEST that can be said for "Androcles and the Lion" is that it is a good deal easier to watch than "Quo Vadis" which dealt with approximately the same period and took more than twice as long to cover the ground.

The Shaw play is presented largely as a spectacle, and George Bernard Shaw would probably have roared as loudly as any arena lion at the way his comedy has been buried under super-production — the gladiatorial shows, the parades of best-dressed Roman matrons, the parades of best-dressed vestal virgins, the weight and scale of Roman architecture done in plaster. The rest of us, however, should be gratified that enough of the Shaw perversity and wit have survived to lighten the weight of mass-spectacle. Shaw's Christians, at any rate, are a lively, disputatious lot, who behave most of the time like a Salvation Army band in high fettle. Certainly they are a good deal more fun to watch than the dispirited martyrs from Central Casting who usually figure in spectacles of this type.

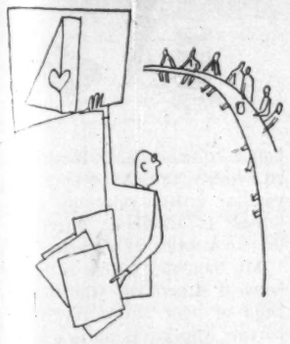
As Lavinia, the Christian maiden, Jean Simmons gives a highly flirtatious performance in a role that Shaw appears to have modelled as closely as possible on his favorite Candida. The Simmons performance isn't exactly right, but it is reasonably amusing, which is more than can be said for Alan Young's Androcles. Comedian Young seems determined to turn Androcles and his lion into an imitation of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, a notion that the lion at least has enough natural majesty to resist.

Maurice Evans, with his hair arranged in pin-curls, is a consistently fatuous Caesar and Victor Mature as a Roman soldier attempts to model some of the pagan virtues and ends by modelling togas. Only Robert Newton, as a roaring early Christian, seems entirely in the Shaw tradition. With Robert Newton giving everything he has, and Shaw providing at least all that he is allowed to, "Androcles and the Lion" comes off better than might be expected, at any rate in terms of spectacle entertainment.

IF "Androcles and the Lion" suffers from overproduction, "The Fourposter" is almost as seriously handicapped by underproduction. I haven't the cost breakdown on the Shaw film, but it is unlikely that it totalled less than two million dollars, since no self-respecting costume spectacle falls below that figure. By contrast "The Fourposter" was probably produced on a budget you could swing a cat in.

Like the Broadway play from which it derives, "The Fourposter" employs a cast of two people (in this case Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer) and uses a single set, a Manhattan bedroom. The two stars go from grave to gay to tender to tragic and the wallpaper changes from florid to plain and back to florid again, while the fourposter bed remains planted immovably in the

Meetings in MONTREAL



or sight-seeing in MANHATTAN *

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SM-52-2

centre of the set as the symbol of their marriage. While an almost completely static setup of this type is an accepted stage convention, its effect on the screen is to give movie-goers a slightly claustrophobic feeling. The camera, we feel, should be opening doors and windows, and prying down long vistas into other times and places.

With this prejudice in mind, the producers of "The Fourposter" have linked the various marital episodes with black and white cartoons, all very lively and diverting, to indicate what the happy couple are doing when they aren't quarrelling and making up, over something like half-a-century, in their Manhattan bedroom.

The picture opens with a bridal night sequence so coy and protracted that Lilli Palmer's vivacity and even Rex Harrison's appearance in a Mother Hubbard couldn't do much to enliven it. The remainder is a record of births, marriages, deaths and occasional infidelities, and there is a Barrie-esque conclusion which has the aging lovers taking off for eternity together. It's a rather sentimental piece I'm afraid, but the pair here are so much handsomer and gayer than most married folk, either on the screen or off it, that the stickier aspects of their story do no great harm.

"THE HAPPY TIME" has to do with the Bonnard family of Ottawa, and their domestic interests as described here may give people across the border rather odd ideas about life in the Canadian capital. With the exception of Uncle Louis, whose hobby is drinking native wine out of a watercooler, the Bonnards seem to be interested exclusively and wholly innocently, in sex.

Grandpa Bonnard totters out daily, his cane over his arm, to admire the ankles of passing Ottawa shoppers. Uncle Desmond (Louis Jourdain) collects lady's garters, but his true love is Marcelline (Linda Christian), the Bonnard maid, and his intentions couldn't be more honorable. Bibi Bonnard (Bobby Driscoll) aged ten, loves Marcelline too and is loved in turn by the little girl next door. Papa Bonnard (Charles Boyer) lectures glowingly about sex to Bibi, while Maman Bonnard (Marsha Hunt) retreats to the kitchen. She, too, is interested in the subject, but it makes her sort of nervous.

It made me a little nervous too, before the picture was over. Sex is a fascinating phenomenon but its vigilantly wholesome aspects as emphasized here gave one a feeling that something, somewhere, wasn't quite normal.

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BOOKS

Graphy: Bio- and Autobio-

by Robertson Davies

IT WAS CARLYLE'S notion that a well-written life was as rare as a well-spent one. Biography, which seems on the face of it to be a kind of writing within the scope of any industrious, judicious author, is in fact one of the most difficult of all forms of authorship; to write one's own life, or that of another man, well, requires qualities which are rarely found except in creative writers of the first rank; yet a biography cannot be creative; the plot has been fixed by fate and any coloring or suppression is sure to be found out sooner or later. Four books are at hand today, two of which are biographies and two autobiographies; we may think ourselves lucky that one in each class is a superior piece of work and that the other two, though not first-rate, have merit.

G. M. Young's "Stanley Baldwin" has the air of a work of piety. Baldwin asked him to write a Life, and Mr. Young has done so, but without much relish that he can communicate to the reader. He is unsuccessful in conveying to us that personal charm which so many of Baldwin's colleagues attribute to him, and which won tolerance for some of his dawdling political ways. Nor does he make much of the flashes of fine feeling and nobility of action which establish Baldwin's claim to be considered a great man. Some of this charm and this nobility must have been apparent during the Abdication struggle, but in his chapter on that subject (the best in the book) Mr. Young succeeds only in giving us a middle-class Baldwin, the "Honest Stan" of the political cartoons.

We may guess that Mr. Young, who is an able historian, has written in this strain because he refuses to color his picture and claim sympathy for his subject. We may respect this biographical attitude, and we are certainly sick of over-written, partisan biography, but we may also feel that Mr. Young has overdone his impartiality, and that the result is not fair to Baldwin. More light and shade, more *brio*, is needed to do justice to this subject.

What we cannot so easily understand or forgive are odd failures of information which crop up through the book. On page 109, for instance, why is Stiperstones in Shropshire twice written Sliperstones? And when Baldwin was near breakdown in 1936 why does Mr. Young write "he retired to Wales"? Why not say "he retired to Gregynog Hall" and make some mention of friends to whom Baldwin was always eager to acknowledge his indebtedness? There is a perfunctoriness about this sort of writing which is not in the best tradition of biography.

THAT TRADITION is more generously honored in Mr. Hesketh Pearson's "The Man Whistler". This is Mr. Pearson's seventeenth volume of biography, and while some have been better than others, all have stuck to biographical principles which command respect.

Because he writes biography for his living, Mr. Pearson takes care that an interesting and coherent picture of his subject always emerges; that is to say, he writes a readable book. He agrees with George Moore that a man's conversation is often more characteristic of him than his acts, and he sees that plenty of conversation, well-authenticated, is included in his book. He gives a satisfactory literary shape to his books, and when he advances a theory to explain the actions of his subject he does so with becoming modesty. He is a first-rate craftsman, and not the least of his virtues is that he knows his limitations.

In writing of Whistler, for instance, he attempts no amateur comments on the paintings; those who seek technical criticism will go to James Laver's excellent book, published in 1951. Pearson is content to suggest what Whistler's influence has been, and

there he lets the matter rest. He gives us a portrait, clear but not slick, of the mettlesome, irascible, brilliant American painter who chose to characterize himself as a butterfly with a sting. Pearson establishes his limits, he fills them admirably, and he gives us a book which is, in its way, first-rate. This is a professional's job.

IT IS PEARSON'S selectiveness which gives his book shape and some elegance. This is the quality which we miss in Carl Sandburg's autobiography called "Always The Young Strangers"; Mr. Sandburg seeks to achieve his effects by setting down everything that he can possibly remember about his childhood and youth; many readers will experience a surfeit of minor incident.

From a poet we might have expected a few significant recollections, so described that the flavor of Sandburg's childhood would come to us with a fine, poignant strength. But he has chosen to tell us everything, and to couch it in a flatly colloquial style which quickly becomes tedious. Mark Twain gave us the boyhood of Huck Finn in a style which is superficially like this, but which in reality is governed by the most exquisite literary sensibility.

Several American critics have praised this book in the most extravagant terms for what they call its "utter honesty". But it is not the first duty of a book to be utterly honest; its first

duty is to be readable. Bleak, flat-footed honesty, unrelieved by literary device or artistic selection, is characteristic of telephone directories and the inventories of department stores.

Mr. Sandburg's story is that of millions of Americans—the story of the child of poor but worthy immigrant parents who grows up in a small city. From him we expect some illumination of this theme and some insight into this sort of life which scores of writers have not given us before. We are disappointed. We are given the honesty of a good, decent man, but what we expected was the honesty and insight of a poet.

CARL SANDBURG would probably not have liked Augustus John Cuthbert Hare, but as an autobiographer Hare writes rings around the American poet. He was born in 1834, and he died in 1903, leaving among his other published works six volumes of "The Story of My Life". Like Sandburg, he could not bear to leave anything out. But luckily Mr. Malcom Barnes has boiled down the first three volumes of this vast work into one readable book, called "The Years With Mother"; a condensation of the latter three volumes, called "In My Solitary Life", will follow.

Here is richness! Hare was well-connected, knew almost everybody worth knowing, and was indefatigably curious. His lifework as a writer of guide-books assured him of a life of travel, and he had unfailing instinct for the good story and the significant detail. This book is a feast of the unexpected and the illuminating in the Victorian scene.

Victorian severity toward children, Victorian religiosity, Victorian adventurousness, Victorian eccentricity, Victorian independence of thought and action—all are recorded by Hare with the skill of a born writer; it adds spice to the book that so much that he took for granted startles and shocks us; in comparison with these Victorians we are today a race of intellectual and spiritual pygmies.

How they bombinated and domineered in their remote vicarages! How they knocked one another down, verbally and physically! It is refreshing to contemplate them. And what a wealth of uncanny experiences Hare has been able to record, and to some extent to authenticate! This is truly a book for the collector of the choice and the rare in autobiography, and as for honesty, it is fully as honest as Sandburg, without his contempt for formal syntax and artistic selection.

OF THE FOUR writers met with here, the two professionals, Pearson and Hare, come off triumphantly and the two works of piety, though meri-

torious, are somewhat heavy in the hand. Anyone who thinks that he is likely to be the subject of a biography in future years would do well to make friends with a first-rate professional writer now, eschewing poets and historians, in order that his paper immortality shall be thoroughly readable.

STANLEY BALDWIN—by G. M. Young—pp. 254 and index—*Clarke, Irwin*—$5.00.

THE MAN WHISTLER—by Hesketh Pearson—pp. 190 and index—*Methuen*—$3.75.

ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS — by Carl Sandburg—pp. 436 and index—*McLeod*—$6.75.

THE YEARS WITH MOTHER — by Augustus Hare, edited by Malcom Barnes — pp. 302 and index — illustrated with plates and author's sketches—*Nelson*—$5.00.

In Brief

by T.J.A.

THE LITTLE TALES OF SMETHERS — by Lord Dunsany—pp. 232—*Ryerson*—$2.35.

LORD DUNSANY turns his distinguished literary gifts to little detective stories, without losing his quality but without adding to the genre. Mr. Linley and his Watson, the meat-relish peddler Smethers, are only a patch on Father Brown. Where Lord Dunsany indulges in the macabre —shockingly in the first tale—he had best have left the horror to Grand Guignol. It ill becomes him. Perhaps it is all an English leg-pull. If so, the effect on this reader is of a twitch.

One admires the author's ingenuity. There are 26 stories in this rather small book, and 26 plots. Mr. Linley, the Brain; his likable mug of a Smethers who "pushes" Numnumo, and the arch-criminal Steeger, disappear about halfway through the book, to be replaced by other Dunsany figments dabbling in mysteries. What wonderful names he has! Smethers, Alpit, Ribbert, Inspector Ulton, Mr. Plink. The lower orders talk the way they should in a story. The playful light on incidents and characters is more fun than the turn of the plot, which the author knocks off like the tip of a fried twister just as he takes the tale out of the pan.

NEPAL HIMALAYA — by H. W. Tilman — pp. 272, illustrated by H. W. Tilman — *Macmillan*—$5.00.

HERE the aging and famous mountaineer describes three journeys into the Himalaya of Nepal, the first in 1949, the other two in 1950. He tells his story with lightness and British humor that make his "walks" over uncharted glaciers among unnamed peaks four and five miles high seem like week-end jaunts over the Mer de Glace by amateurs out of Geneva.

Only a hundred years ago, Everest was discovered by Europeans and found to be the highest mountain in the world. Since then the peaks of the Nepal Himalaya have lured climbers and scientists but have been closed to most by the difficulties of the terrain and weather and by edict of the independent rulers of the kingdom of Nepal. H. W. Tilman has been one of the few to lead parties into this "largest inhabited country still unexplored by Europeans".

No records were set, no important peaks scaled, in these three journeys. But the failures, the fatigue, the good living—including beer—in high places, and the description of flora, fauna and natives make fascinating reading; bright in the author's easy prose and wise philosophy which can poke fun at the British Museum, the Welfare State and himself, and take half-seriously the Abominable Snowman—all at 20,000 feet.

The book has none of the excitement and terror of Maurice Herzog's account of scaling and descending Annapurna—reviewed on this page a few weeks ago—although Tilman's second party was caught in the same storm which caused havoc to the French party descending. Tilman was trying, less determinedly, to reach a lesser Annapurna peak at the same time. Herzog surmounted Annapurna I (26,492 feet) three days before Tilman's arrival in the region. Tilman's party fell short of Annapurna IV (24,688 feet). He quotes this:

> The hills are shadows and they flow
> From form to form and nothing stands,
> They melt like mists; the solid lands
> Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

NORTH-EAST LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND—by John R. Allan—*Ryerson Press*, pp. 262, *illustrated*—$4.00.

REGIONAL histories and travel books can be boring works of petty piety. This account of "the narrow selvedge the work of time has eroded", the north-east lowlands of Scotland encompassing Caithness, Inverness, Aberdeen and Dundee, will charm the most prejudiced Sassenach; expatriates of the region will make it a personal handbook.

It is a sensible, sensitive, affectionate story of the land and people; the character of both is nicely revealed through the writer's decent perception and personal narrative. It is, happily, removed from Scott, Burns, Sauchiehall Street and the tartan, the canny and the burr which tend to make the Scots the uncharming Wandering Tribe abroad.

The author met Old Rolland, who had his "own private mind" and a head "full of rituals": for instance, washing the bridegroom's feet on the night before his marriage, "a practice that is still common today". The bridegroom's friends catch him and, in pretence of washing his feet, "cover him with blacking, fill him with whisky and make sure he will feel a total wreck in the morning". In a book on Scotland it is impossible to avoid, apparently, people who "are sendin' out wee bit knobbles o' baker's cake in silvery boxies". Ah, well; the Scots we shall always have with us.

TROUBLING OF A STAR—by Walt Sheldon—pp. 319—*Longmans, Green*—$4.00.

AN UP-TO-DATE American war novel, this concerns jets and Korea. The themes are common to good average war stories—the heartless and ambitious efficiency of the colonels at the base who do not know

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the hell and soul-searing of the combat fellows, and the bravery and browned-off disenchantment of those who carry out the routine and orders. Nostalgia for lovely things away from war, love both tender and merely snatched, intrigues for promotion, and the scheming and lewdness of the lower military orders; these are the well carpentered framework of this first novel.

The Japanese and Korean color seems authentic, as are the American Army Air Force technicalities and techniques in Korea. The author should know; he has been a war correspondent in Korea. He finished this expanded short story—a medium in which he has been published before—in a tent at a base camp in Pusan. The story reads fast and vividly, and not always at surface level. The burnt flesh from napalm bombs smells strong. The contrived end is explosive.

CANADA, The North Atlantic Community and NATO—by K. W. Taylor and A. J. Corry—University of Toronto Press — pp. 16 — 50 cents.

PROFESSORS Taylor and Corry read these papers before the Royal Society of Canada last June. Professor Taylor approaches NATO from the point of view that Canada has always belonged—especially economically—to the North Atlantic community. "In no substantive sense are we a Pacific power".

Professor Corry examines the domestic political implications. Only a few Canadians concern themselves with the question of sovereignty or loss of it through NATO; they see NATO reflected in taxes for defence. "The severest test is yet to come".

It is well to have these thoughtful though not piercing estimates, lacking a full scholarly examination of Canada's new international position and commitments.

THE ROYAL STORY—by Richard J. Doyle—Harlequin Books, pp. 319—50 cents.

DURING this Coronation year the trade will turn out souvenir mugs and baubles. Book publishers and writers are not overlooking the commercial opportunities, either. The first Canadian book to hit the market is this resumé of the pageant of British history, from Boadicea to Blimp, funneled through the careers and caprices of the sovereigns and their consorts—and mistresses. It is better value than most Coronation trinkets will be.

Without scholarly apparatus but with a facility for getting a story told, let the journalistic clichés fall where they may, Mr. Doyle presents a coherent summary, lively in incident and fable, sufficiently sententious for this patriotic year. It should get, and deserves, a wide Canadian sale. It has the facts, the schoolboy lore and the color of its subject.

There are details like the attempted theft of the Crown regalia from the Tower in Charles II's reign by a false parson who was really the soldier of fortune, Colonel Blood. Charles laughed and rewarded the rascal with a £500 annual pension. By the way, the balance is good; we get to Charles only two-thirds of the way through the book.

WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT — by Arnold Brown — Salvation Army Printing House, pp. 130.

NO PRICE is shown to go with this book, so presumably it is a volume beyond price to the Salvationists. The story goes from the first Salvation Army open air meeting in Canada in 1882 only to 1914. The fire of faith may burn more dimly, but in a history of this sort the most history and the best told come from a disciplined pen which is not sectarian, as in Scott Young's account of the Sally Ann service during the last war. Thus, one of the most vivid passages is a quotation from Harold Begbie about the visit to Canada in 1907 of founder William Booth. He had the gentry on their knees in Government House, Ottawa, where he was being housed.

THE SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT
of
The British Mortgage and Trust Corporation of Ontario
HEAD OFFICE—STRATFORD

Balance Sheet—December 31st, 1952

ASSETS

CAPITAL ACCOUNT		
Office premises	$ 38,295.86	
Real estate for sale	1.00	
Mortgages, principal	1,937,869.66	
Government Bonds, principal	60,378.12	
Canadian municipal bonds, principal	26,485.00	
Stocks	66,876.00	
Cash on hand and in bank	164,026.10	
TOTAL CAPITAL ASSETS		$ 2,293,931.74
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT		
Mortgages and agreements for sale, principal	$11,233,992.80	
Dominion government bonds, principal	1,958,462.64	
Provincial government bonds, principal	449,474.58	
Canadian municipal bonds, principal	32,538.80	
Cash on hand and in bank	295,320.13	
TOTAL GUARANTEED TRUST ASSETS		$ 13,969,788.35
ESTATES DEPARTMENT		
Estates, Trusts and Agency Funds		$ 1,191,182.68
		$ 17,454,902.77

NOTE: The values of bonds and stocks above stated in the aggregate are less than market value.

LIABILITIES

CAPITAL ACCOUNT		
Capital stock fully paid up	$ 1,000,000.00	
General Reserve Fund	1,000,000.00	
Profit and Loss credit balance	159,675.30	
Reserve for taxes	73,218.96	
Dividends payable January 2nd, 1953	60,000.00	
All other liabilities	1,037.48	
TOTAL CAPITAL LIABILITIES		$ 2,293,931.74
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT		
Guaranteed Investment Recipts		
Principal	$ 7,663,126.09	
Interest due and accrued	66,074.67	
	$ 7,729,200.76	
Trust deposits, principal and interest	$ 6,240,587.59	
TOTAL GUARANTEED TRUST LIABILITIES		$ 13,969,788.35
ESTATES DEPARTMENT		
Estates, Trusts and Agency Funds		$ 1,191,182.68
		$ 17,454,902.77

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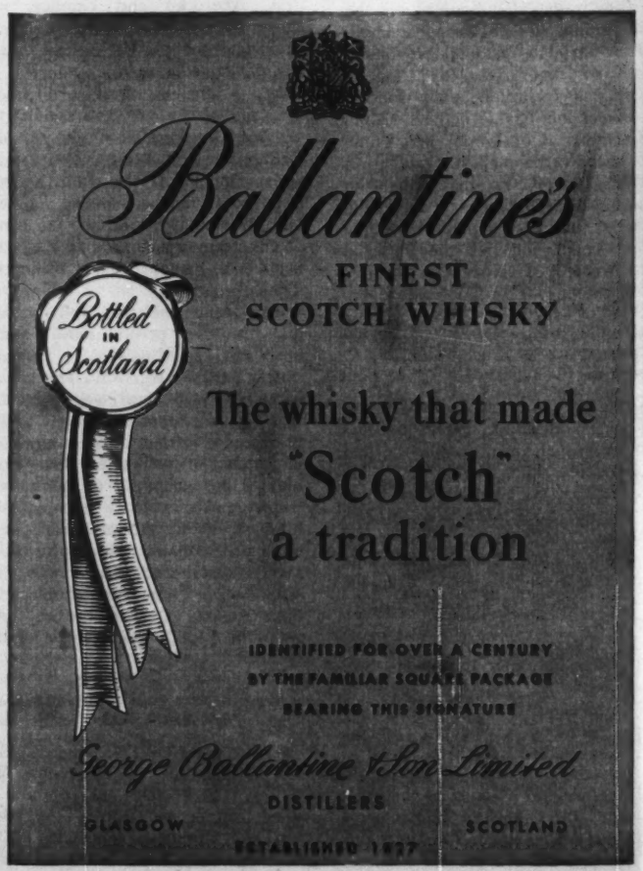

WORLD OF WOMEN

CONVERSATION PIECES

THE MERE male's inability to understand that February is the logical month for a woman to wear her new Spring straw hat . . . Montreal-born George London singing the Don Giovanni role at the Metropolitan, with a New York critic's handsome tribute to "the finest pair of male legs shown on any stage in many years" . . . 67 years of male rule shattered by York County (Ont.) Law Association with election of Margaret Fraser, QC, as President . . . symphony concerts for children . . . the rumored $500,000 for Harry Truman's memoirs, which should definitely include the famous letter to a music critic . . . dressmaker Hartnell introducing "Porridge Shade" in honor of the Queen's porridge-eating ancestors . . . June Callwood in a benign mood, literary claws completely sheathed, in a national magazine story on Lois Marshall whom SATURDAY NIGHT profiled last year as a star ascending, long before her sensational New York Town Hall concert.

NATURAL Milan Straw in new on-the-level shell, from Toronto Simpson's American imports. About $50. Photo by Everett Roseborough.

. . . Preference of Sicilian girls in search of a husband for pair of leather shoes under their pillows instead of the reliable wedding cake . . . golden wedding anniversary of the parents of Edmonton's Mayor, Alberta pioneers Mr. and Mrs. William Hawrelak . . . new "millionaires' row" of residences in Prince George, BC . . . coronation souvenir plates with the Queen's picture, from the Tuscan potteries.

. . . Top racquet-ette of the Canadian tennis list, Mrs. Hanna Sladek of Montreal . . . the Rose Bowl award to sprinter Louella Law of Vancouver, making her Canada's outstanding woman athlete of the year . . . import of miniature cacti, postage stamp size, from the Netherlands . . . election of first women to the Synod of the Church of England in Canada . . . the effect of the food you eat on your temper and mental outlook . . . February 14 the day for receiving Valentine missives.

. . . The survey of the fine arts in Montreal being undertaken by the Junior League of Montreal, the Jewish Junior Welfare League and La Ligue de la Jeunesse Feminine.

. . . A baker's dozen of Toronto debutantes dressed in their coming-out gowns, curtseying to Mrs. Louis O. Breithaupt, wife of Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor, before dashing backstage to become bridal models in the "Prelude to Lohengrin Fashion Show" presented annually by the Thota Club . . . the real strains of "Lohengrin" and a page wearing the MacLean kilt when Meriel MacLean of Montreal married Baron Philippe de Posson of Brussels, Belgium, with Mrs. Louis St. Laurent, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Massey among the distinguished guests . . . stoles stealing the Spring scene, glamourizing tweed suits as well as the floral print frocks that are making a momentous fashion comeback . . . February called "Sprout-Kale" by the Anglo-Saxons because their cabbages sprouted then . . . coincidence in tenors with former Metropolitan Edward Johnson in the audience at the Toronto Opera Festival and young Hamilton-born Edward Johnson on the stage as the lovelorn lover in "Cosi Fan Tutte".

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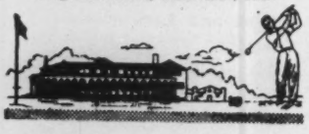

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"CINDERELLA" PARTY

ST. VALENTINE NOSTALGIA

by Frederic Manning

THE OTHER day when I happened to pick up an old book, out fell a red heart which turned out to be an invitation to a Valentine party, received some years ago; and with it came a flood of recollection.

This party was for some years an annual affair, a house dance. My hosts had—and needed—a commodious home; they had three daughters close enough in age to ask their friends to the same party. Their large red-brick house, adorned with fascinating cupolas and towers, sat well back from the street, and was surrounded by lawns and stands of pines and firs, which gave it something of the flavor of a Charles Addams cartoon.

The house was in "distant" North Toronto; it was reached by radial cars, spoken of locally as the Metropolitan, which went north as far as Jackson's Point on Lake Simcoe, where many of us summered, but the local run ended at our destination, Glengrove Avenue.

The father of the girls giving the party was a Director of the Metropolitan (no one called it the "Met") and arranged the transportation for the guests, to leave at eight-thirty sharp (invitation). That was really superfluous. Nearly everyone was there shortly after eight; this was the beginning of a party. We even had the Director's car, with rattan chairs for seats. Very few of our families had motor-cars and those who had didn't lend them to their teenagers at that time. So most of us arrived by streetcars to where the Metropolitan started.

The girls carried their slippers in their party bags made of velvet to match their cloaks. These seemed almost a uniform. The boys had their dancing pumps in their overcoat pockets and carried the florist boxes with the girls' bouquets; the flowers were not pinned on the frocks until arrival at the party. For a Valentine party I think it was almost obligatory to send red flowers regardless of the color of the dress. The most popular offerings were a bunch of violets with a red rosebud in the middle, maybe a bunch of forget-me-not (the sentimental type) with the inevitable red rosebud snuggling in it, a cluster of lilies of the valley with maybe a red tulip.

In those days front and back drawing-rooms were carpeted to the walls, so over this canvas was stretched and waxed. Usually this cover was rented from an awning company but it was said that this family owned their own! Most of the waxing was done by the boys. Candles were sliced thin and we slid on them until the canvas was slippery.

Most families supplied only a pianist for the dancing but this family did a real production job; they had a three piece orchestra. The dances were usually a two-step, then a waltz, another two-step maybe even a polka and now and again a rye waltz. I don't really remember when a fox-trot came on the scene. The dances were fairly decorous affairs but fun. These, of course, were before the rowdy parties when the most popular diversions were sliding down hard-wood stairs on silver or tin trays.

As these dances were known as "Cinderella" dances, meaning until midnight, supper was served at eleven and, like the velvet cloaks, we knew just what to expect: a buffet in the dining-room, wreathed with smilax and decorated with red tulips and red hearts. There were small tables scattered about, each with a small vase holding a red tulip but the favorite spot for supper was the stairs. A present streetcar is no more jammed than were those stairs, especially the back ones, which all added to the difficulties of the domestic staff and the caterer's maids.

For a Valentine party the inevitable chicken salad was moulded into hearts, the usual watercress rolls were replaced with heart-shaped sandwiches of pink ham. The caterer always served ices in short parfait glasses, and the breakage was rather alarming. The ices were red. I never found out what the flavor was. It always tasted red to me but, covered well with salted almonds, it didn't matter.

Invariably cakes were small heart-shaped sponge cakes iced with red, and there were always two large ones formed like a carrot and one like a cabbage which, as far as I know, were never cut but were dusted and taken from party to party by the caterer. The candies were red mints, and coffee finished this all off.

The last dance was the Home Sweet Home waltz, and there were no encores because we had to rush for the radial car waiting for us at the siding. On a few occasions, being a little late, we arrived at the streetcar terminal after the Yonge Street day cars had gone; they stopped shortly after midnight, and the night cars were infrequent and in some districts, nonexistent. But it was always fun.

It's all a far cry from the kind of Valentine party the young people attend now—but in another few decades it will be today's teen-agers who will be looking back wistfully.

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BEAUTY

Lipstick Magic in Action

by Margaret Ness

DAYLIGHT brings out blue; night lights have a red or yellow tone. In that chameleon story lies a lipstick truth. And the suggestion of cosmeticians that you use more than one lipstick color is not merely promotion. It is good sense.

A red lipstick will show its blue tones when you wear it out on the street under stark daylight; the red or yellow tones will immediately replace the blue as soon as you step into the soft nightshade atmosphere of your favorite restaurant or under your own drawing room lights at the cocktail hour.

Yardley's is demonstrating this fact dramatically with two mirrors under simulated day and night lighting. A pink lipstick becomes soft old rose under daylight and the identical color becomes almost a French pink under the night light. So the pink or red lipstick you choose to suit your own blonde, brunette or red-haired coloring, with of course your Spring costume color scheme in mind, must also stand the test of day or night lighting.

Most women remember this fact when buying clothes, and ask for a window fitting room when trying on suits or coats; and will swish out into the fashion salon to see an evening frock in a long mirror as well as the true evening shade under lights.

And another hint: you do not require as much make-up in the evening. The blue tones revealed by daylight tend to "cool" the look of your skin and for contrast, demand more make-up; the soft indirect lighting used in most homes helps create a warmth of color that only needs highlighting by a softer make-up.

So, if possible, when buying lipstick to go with your new tweed suit, see the color under daylight; and for your dinner frock, see the lipstick shade under artificial lighting.

BRAIN-TEASER

TOO POTTY FOR WORDS

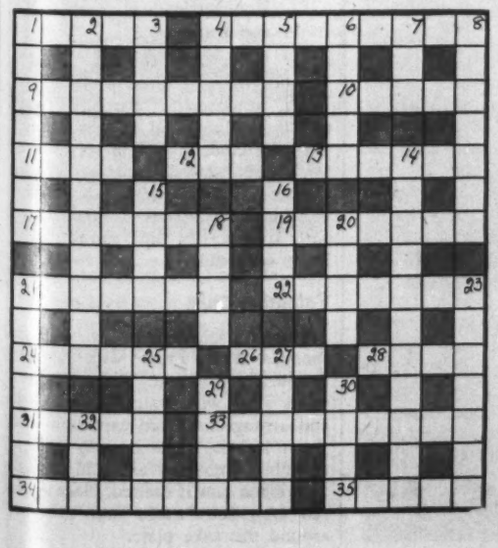
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. May carry your tea, and by the sound of it, your tee. (5)
4 and 31. What a dump this was in Mass., when the call of duty was too high a price to pay. (6, 3, 5)
9. A class of people getting the greatest quantity, are bound to get high. (9)
10. The return of the swallow? What a gag! (5)
11. See 16
12, 26, 7. Maybe a steep order for a tête-à-tête. (3, 3, 3)
12 and 15. It won't age if changed for 12. (3, 4)
13. This test includes you! (3-3)
17. Do strip, while they hold the cameras. (7)
19. It's surprising that 21 down is not its national emblem. (7)
21. He came from Canton, Iowa to Venice, perhaps. (7)
22. Want a shot? Try a finger, this finger! (7)
24. Lords it over his family, perhaps, now his noble father's dead. (6)
26. See 12
28. Though the pot's broken, you may get a drop of 12. (4)
31. See 4 across
33. Free the bond slave? (9)
34 and 21 down. Storm brewing? (7, 2, 1, 6)
35. It's happening to the blessed, perhaps. (5)

DOWN

1. Is it the 32 in it that makes it a toast at 12 time in 19? (7)
2. Ed priced tea, finding the value lowered. (11)
3. A vehicle, backing up, cuts a foot off the quadruped? (4)
4. Intoxicating, but not full of cheer, by the sound of it. (5)
5. Teas that satisfy? (4)
6. But Levant didn't get it for his film work. (5)
7. See 12
8. The eyes follow it, when turned away. (7)
14. Nothing on the range and the little dog has nothing for 12. (6, 5)
15. See 12
16 and 11. It's about time apes were made into these in rationed countries. (4, 4)
18. When this pot's broken you get the check. (4)
20. Bare it, and bear it! (4)
21. See 34
23. Treat 'er badly and she probably will. (7)
25. The pigs' home has the French manner. (5)
27. You may find him indoors on "The Third Man" set. (5)
29. Bosom companions are most unlikely to do this up. (4)
30. Yours cannot be consumed and retained. (4)
32. The 4 down to make one groggy? (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1 and 29. Circular letter
6. Breast
9. Stares
10. Underdog
11. Deducted
12. Circle
13. Isle
15. Flour
17. Used
18. Elms
19. See 5
20. See 23 across
21. Spiral
23 and 20. Mulberry bush
26. Ding-dong
28. Nassau
29. See 1
30. Canadian

DOWN

2 and 5. In the round
3. Carousels
4. Liszt
5 and 19. Round table
5 and 8. Round shoulders
6 and 12. Bad curve
7. Error
8. See 5
12. See 6 down
14. Sale price
15. Fatal
16. Orb
17. Unblessed
22. Right
23. Magic
24. Linen
25. Riata
27. Oar
(249)

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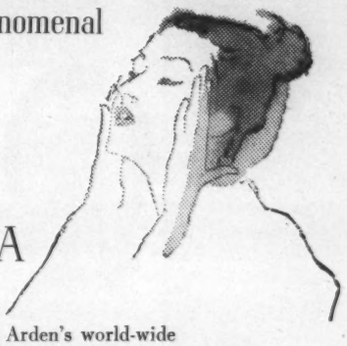

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CONCERNING FOOD

A Valentine Lunch

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

THE EMPEROR Claudius was a tyrant who decided happily married men made poor soldiers in foreign campaigns. So he forbade all marriages, a solution which only encouraged secret and hasty weddings, quite a few of which were solemnized by Bishop Valentine. In due course the latter was found out and tossed into a dungeon to languish and die on February 14.

By coincidence, early pagan festivals dedicated to love were also celebrated on February 14 and in England this custom was carried on long after the church became a power. Parties for eligible spinsters and bachelors were held where partners were chosen by drawing lots and tokens and cards exchanged. No sample menus are given for the food served at these early hearts-and-flowers festivals but it is highly improbable that today we could brew up a barrel of mead or make a satisfactory thrush pie.

For a St. Valentine's celebration this year we suggest a luncheon for the ladies—not romantic perhaps but the occasion lends itself to gay decorations and lovely flowers.

VALENTINE LUNCHEON

Bowl of Iced Relishes, Melba Toast
Consomme with Lemon Slices
Seafood Supreme in Shells
Green Salad Crescent Rolls
Sherbet Ambrosia
Valentine Cake

And here are the recipes for the dessert and cake.

Sherbet Ambrosia

2 packages frozen sweetened strawberries
½ cup Curaçao
2 pints orange sherbet
Moist shredded cocoanut

Let strawberries partially thaw, turn into a bowl and add the liqueur. Place on coldest shelf in refrigerator for about 1 hour. To serve arrange sherbet (slightly soft) in bottom of individual dessert dish or sherbet, top with strawberries and sprinkle with moist cocoanut.

Valentine Cake

Make or buy a chiffon, angel or sponge cake. Frost with a well flavoured 7 minute icing. Place a small glass with water in tube hole and arrange in it red carnations and green leaves. Make a doily frill to resemble a nosegay and add a small red ribbon bow if desired. Place single red carnations made into nosegays around the cake plate.

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LIGHTER SIDE

Lily and Mr. Hansell

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"MINISTERS," (writes Ogden Nash) "Don't like bar sinisters."

It seems to have been this prejudice which prompted Reverend E. G. Hansell, (S.C., Macleod) to denounce in the House of Commons the recent CBC production of "Lily's Story".

Mr. Hansell objected to the commentator's description of Lily as a "pale slut", and was even more disturbed to discover as the story proceeded that Lily was involved with a Chinese cook, "who attempts to seduce this young teen-age Canadian girl".

"I don't know whether the Chinese cook succeeded according to the story as I did not listen to it", Mr. Hansell said, "but I am told the story ended with this girl becoming a chambermaid and marrying a Winnipeg widower."

Mr. Hansell's version presents a very odd point of view on Ethel Wilson's fine novelette. Maybe the member from Macleod should have gone back to the original, or author's, version which — like God's idea of a flamingo—is much more likely to be the authentic one.

It is true that Lily was picked up by a Chinese cook who seduced her with offers of free rides on a stolen bicycle. But that is only a small part of Lily's story. When the cook was arrested for theft Lily, who had the morals and the quick sense of expediency of an alley-cat, set up housekeeping with a longshoreman whose wife was temporarily out of town. The longshoreman too was incidental, and Lily left him as casually as she had taken him up.

HER REAL story opens when, discovering that she is pregnant, she begins to plan, with all the intensity of a responsible and selfless human being, for another life that will be as different as possible from her own. It is a remarkable story, told with exact and tender perception, and it is hard to see how any adequate version of it over the air could greatly disturb a teen-ager or even a Member of Parliament.

"The CBC," Mr. Hansell pointed out, "contemplates tightening regulations on religious broadcasting but continues to flaunt (sic) public opinion with programs of a distinctly amoral tinge."

What seems to have upset Mr. Hansell quite as much as Lily's deplorable affair with the Chinese cook, was her eventual establishment as a respectable Winnipeg matron. Lily's early shattering of all the accepted rules was bad enough. It was even worse that she should be allowed to crack the moral code, as applied to all forms of mass entertainment, and settle down to the comfort and security of middleclass living with her well-to-do widower.

It is possible to quarrel with Mrs. Wilson's ending, though not on the grounds staked out by Mr. Hansell. In the beginning Lily neither flaunted not flouted respectability. She was simply unaware that respectability existed. When she discovered it, however, her life became a fierce pursuit of that dear and inexorable goddess, with her lamentable past always close at her heels. Once she had achieved respectability, on the other hand, the meaning and intensity went out of Lily's story. It was possible to imagine her settling down in a Winnipeg suburb—she was an admirable cook —entertaining at bridge, and disapprovingly turning off the radio when it ventured to refer to a pale slut. For Lily gradually stiffened into the image she adored and in the end ceased to be interesting as a human being.

The author's decision to reward Lily for her later virtues and overlook her earlier delinquencies probably came as a profound shock to Mr. Hansell. Would he have preferred perhaps to see Lily revert to the cook, a lethal type who might conceivably have ended by carving her up? This would have been in line with the moral logic of mass entertainment which insists that a heroine should end as badly as she began. It might also have had a deterrent effect on any young Canadian teen-agers who contemplated taking up with bicycle-stealing Chinese cooks. At any rate, it is the solution Hollywood worked out years ago when it discovered that as long as pale sluts exist in the streets of our cities they are bound to turn up in one form or another on the screen.

Apparently Mr. Hansell didn't offer any solution for Lily's problem. He just wanted Lily and her kind kept off the air. "Good sense," he said, "should be exercised with respect to the type of drama that we pour into the ears of our young people."

"UNTIL after midnight anyway," suggested Social Credit Leader Low; and Mr. Hansell agreed that programs involving pale sluts might well be relegated to the after-midnight hours, when teen-agers would be safely out of the way.

Mr. Hansell and Mr. Low are working on two assumptions here, neither of them entirely valid:

(a) that all teen-agers go to bed at midnight. (They don't.)
(b) that teen-agers aren't aware of the existence of pale sluts. (They are.)

There is another possible solution if Mr. Low's proposal goes through and programs such as "Lily's Story" are postponed till the safe hours after midnight. This is that Members of Parliament, who are much more likely to be emotionally upset by "Lily's Story" than teen-agers, should go to bed before midnight themselves, with the radio turned off.

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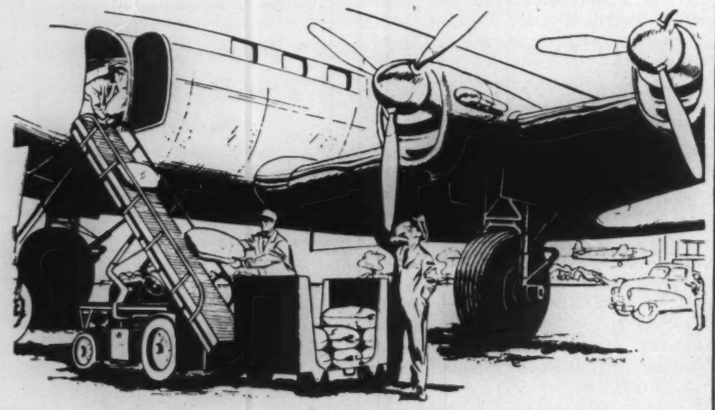

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STARLET OF THE WEEK

She Tears Heart Strings

by Janet Howat

EVEN established stars hate to play a scene with a child or an animal. They know they're licked before they even begin. Well, a seven-year-old girl in a British movie called "The Story of Mandy" certainly stole all the scenes. And for Canadian movie-viewers there's an extra interest. Mandy (yes, she's that good—the movie was named in her honor) has a Canadian mother and a Scots-born father who lived for a time in Canada.

But first, about Mandy herself. She plays the part of a stone deaf child. If you remember what grown-up Jane Wyman did with a deaf-mute role in "Johnny Belinda", you'll know some of the difficulties of expressing personality and purpose without saying a word. Mandy Miller is so good you breathe a sigh of relief when, in the end, she does manage to say her own name, jerkily and laboriously, but still recognizable.

Mandy's first movie role was the little girl in "The Man in the White Suit" who waved Alec Guinness's pursuers in the wrong direction.

Mandy's parents never intended Mandy to be a movie actress. Her father happened to be making a business call at Ealing Studio and took Mandy along. While he was there he dropped in to see his friend Director Alexander Mackendrick. And the long arm of coincidence reached out as it so often does in real life but must never in fiction. Mackendrick needed a youngster for the Guinness flicker and asked if he could use young Mandy. Time passed and he took on the movie about a deaf child. He remembered Mandy.

Mandy's mother was born Shirley McConnell in North Bay, Ont. Her father, David, had lived many places (his father was in the British army) until the family settled in Toronto. Dave was a staff announcer with CFRB for a time. Then he was with the North Bay station, met and married Shirley McConnell. Over to England they went where Dave had landed a job with the BBC. He's now a well-known producer, disc jockey and square dance authority. Their first child was a daughter, Anne. "She's the beauty of the family, I'm told," says Aunt Yvonne Morrow (Dave's sister) in Toronto. Anne, now 15, is the TV member of the family, and recently played a small part in "Anne of Green Gables", the very Canadian story set in PEI. Oddly, another Canadian was involved in this TV show. Torontonian Charmion King played the part of the minister's wife, the lovely lady who so inspired Anne, spelled with an "e".

ANNE is very proud of Mandy. However, the family aren't pushing a movie career and Mandy herself is much more interested in her ballet lessons than in acting.

Another Canadian angle coincidence is the fact that Mandy's tutor while she was making the movie is now in Toronto. Joyce Jones came out last Spring as Matron at Crescent Street School. She reports that Mandy is a very intelligent little girl and quite unspoiled. Miss Jones, Mandy's very Scottish grandmother and her Aunt Yvonne saw a special preview of the movie. Grandmother and Aunt hadn't seen the youngster since she was six months old when the family came back to Canada on a visit.

So, perhaps you'll see a lot more of young Mandy Miller and perhaps you won't. It will depend on Miss Miller herself. But we'd like to think she'll keep on acting and give us a chance to watch a real child act like a real child.

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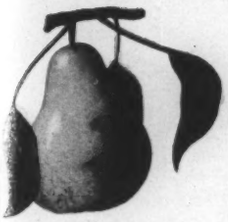
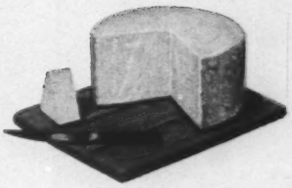


Pears

Maritime Lobster

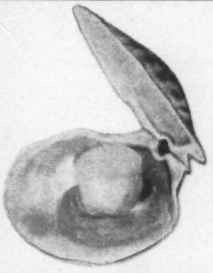
Blueberries



Canadian Cheese

Raspberries

Oka Melon



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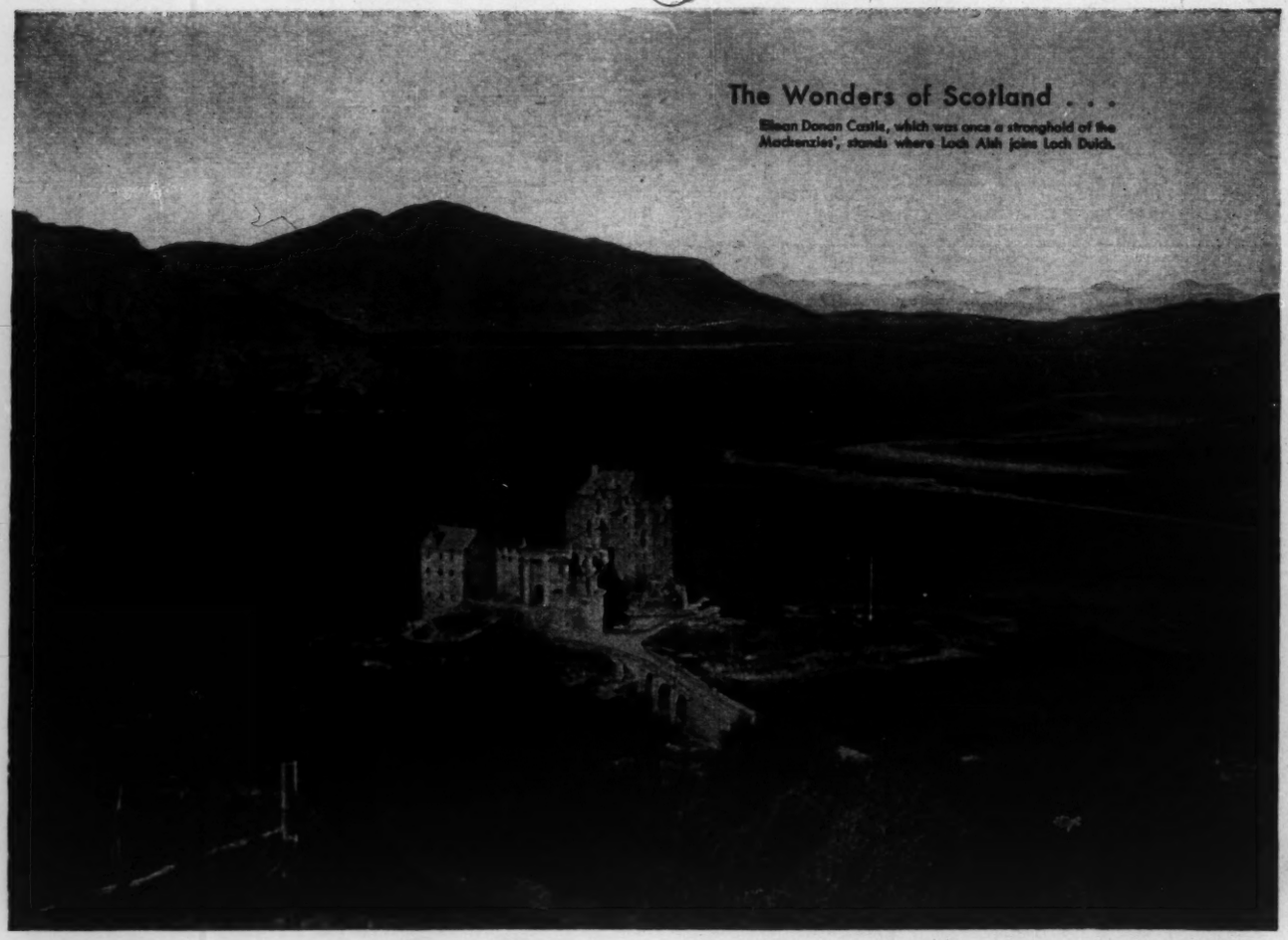
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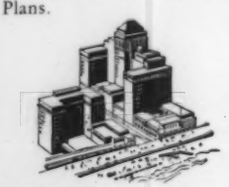

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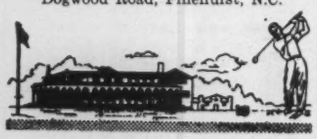

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"CINDERELLA" PARTY

ST. VALENTINE NOSTALGIA

by Frederic Manning

THE OTHER day when I happened to pick up an old book, out fell a red heart which turned out to be an invitation to a Valentine party, received some years ago; and with it came a flood of recollection.

This party was for some years an annual affair, a house dance. My hosts had—and needed—a commodious home; they had three daughters close enough in age to ask their friends to the same party. Their large red-brick house, adorned with fascinating cupolas and towers, sat well back from the street, and was surrounded by lawns and stands of pines and firs, which gave it something of the flavor of a Charles Addams cartoon.

The house was in "distant" North Toronto; it was reached by radial cars, spoken of locally as the Metropolitan, which went north as far as Jackson's Point on Lake Simcoe, where many of us summered, but the local run ended at our destination, Glengrove Avenue.

The father of the girls giving the party was a Director of the Metropolitan (no one called it the "Met") and arranged the transportation for the guests, to leave at eight-thirty sharp (invitation). That was really superfluous. Nearly everyone was there shortly after eight; this was the beginning of a party. We even had the Director's car, with rattan chairs for seats. Very few of our families had motor-cars and those who had didn't lend them to their teen-agers at that time. So most of us arrived by streetcars to where the Metropolitan started.

The girls carried their slippers in their party bags made of velvet to match their cloaks. These seemed almost a uniform. The boys had their dancing pumps in their overcoat pockets and carried the florist boxes with the girls' bouquets; the flowers were not pinned on the frocks until arrival at the party. For a Valentine party I think it was almost obligatory to send red flowers regardless of the color of the dress. The most popular offerings were a bunch of violets with a red rosebud in the middle, maybe a bunch of forget-me-not (the sentimental type) with the inevitable red rosebud snuggling in it, a cluster of lilies of the valley with maybe a red tulip.

In those days front and back drawing-rooms were carpeted to the walls, so over this canvas was stretched and waxed. Usually this cover was rented from an awning company but it was said that this family owned their own! Most of the waxing was done by the boys. Candles were sliced thin and we slid on them until the canvas was slippery.

Most families supplied only a pianist for the dancing but this family did a real production job; they had a three piece orchestra. The dances were usually a two-step, then a waltz, another two-step maybe even a polka and now and again a rye waltz. I don't really remember when a fox-trot came on the scene. The dances were fairly decorous affairs but fun. These, of course, were before the rowdy parties when the most popular diversions were sliding down hard-wood stairs on silver or tin trays.

As these dances were known as "Cinderella" dances, meaning until midnight, supper was served at eleven and, like the velvet cloaks, we knew just what to expect: a buffet in the dining-room, wreathed with smilax and decorated with red tulips and red hearts. There were small tables scattered about, each with a small vase holding a red tulip but the favorite spot for supper was the stairs. A present streetcar is no more jammed than were those stairs, especially the back ones, which all added to the difficulties of the domestic staff and the caterer's maids.

For a Valentine party the inevitable chicken salad was moulded into hearts, the usual watercress rolls were replaced with heart-shaped sandwiches of pink ham. The caterer always served ices in short parfait glasses, and the breakage was rather alarming. The ices were red. I never found out what the flavor was. It always tasted red to me but, covered well with salted almonds, it didn't matter.

Invariably cakes were small heart-shaped sponge cakes iced with red, and there were always two large ones formed like a carrot and one like a cabbage which, as far as I know, were never cut but were dusted and taken from party to party by the caterer. The candies were red mints, and coffee finished this all off.

The last dance was the Home Sweet Home waltz, and there were no encores because we had to rush for the radial car waiting for us at the siding. On a few occasions, being a little late, we arrived at the streetcar terminal after the Yonge Street day cars had gone; they stopped shortly after midnight, and the night cars were infrequent and in some districts, non-existent. But it was always fun.

It's all a far cry from the kind of Valentine party the young people attend now—but in another few decades it will be today's teen-agers who will be looking back wistfully.

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BEAUTY

Lipstick Magic in Action

by Margaret Ness

DAYLIGHT brings out blue; night lights have a red or yellow tone. In that chameleon story lies a lipstick truth. And the suggestion of cosmeticians that you use more than one lipstick color is not merely promotion. It is good sense.

A red lipstick will show its blue tones when you wear it out on the street under stark daylight; the red or yellow tones will immediately replace the blue as soon as you step into the soft nightshade atmosphere of your favorite restaurant or under your own drawing room lights at the cocktail hour.

Yardley's is demonstrating this fact dramatically with two mirrors under simulated day and night lighting. A pink lipstick becomes soft old rose under daylight and the identical color becomes almost a French pink under the night light. So the pink or red lipstick you choose to suit your own blonde, brunette or red-haired coloring, with of course your Spring costume color scheme in mind, must also stand the test of day or night lighting.

Most women remember this fact when buying clothes, and ask for a window fitting room when trying on suits or coats; and will swish out into the fashion salon to see an evening frock in a long mirror as well as the true evening shade under lights.

And another hint: you do not require as much make-up in the evening. The blue tones revealed by daylight tend to "cool" the look of your skin and for contrast, demand more make-up; the soft indirect lighting used in most homes helps create a warmth of color that only needs highlighting by a softer make-up.

So, if possible, when buying lipstick to go with your new tweed suit, see the color under daylight; and for your dinner frock, see the lipstick shade under artificial lighting.

BRAIN-TEASER

TOO POTTY FOR WORDS

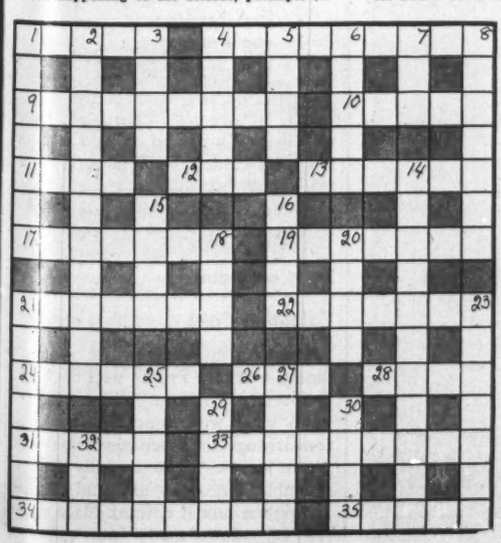
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. May carry your tea, and by the sound of it, your tee. (5)
4 and 31. What a dump this was in Mass., when the call of duty was too high a price to pay. (6, 3, 5)
9. A class of people getting the greatest quantity, are bound to get high. (9)
10. The return of the swallow? What a gag! (5)
11. See 16
12, 26, 7. Maybe a steep order for a tête-à-tête. (3, 3, 3)
12 and 15. It won't age if changed for 12. (3, 4)
13. This test includes you! (3-3)
17. Do strip, while they hold the cameras. (7)
19. It's surprising that 21 down is not its national emblem. (7)
21. He came from Canton, Iowa to Venice, perhaps. (7)
22. Want a shot? Try a finger, this finger! (7)
24. Lords it over his family, perhaps, now his noble father's dead. (6)
26. See 12
28. Though the pot's broken, you may get a drop of 12. (4)
31. See 4 across
33. Free the bond slave? (9)
34 and 21 down. Storm brewing? (7, 2, 1, 6)
35. It's happening to the blessed, perhaps. (5)

DOWN

1. Is it the 32 in it that makes it a toast at 12 time in 19? (7)
2. Ed priced tea, finding the value lowered. (11)
3. A vehicle, backing up, cuts a foot off the quadruped? (4)
4. Intoxicating, but not full of cheer, by the sound of it. (5)
5. Teas that satisfy? (4)
6. But Levant didn't get it for his film work. (5)
7. See 12
8. The eyes follow it, when turned away. (7)
14. Nothing on the range and the little dog has nothing for 12. (6, 5)
15. See 12
16 and 11. It's about time apes were made into these in rationed countries. (4, 4)
18. When this pot's broken you get the check. (4)
20. Bare it, and bear it! (4)
21. See 34
23. Treat 'er badly and she probably will. (7)
25. The pigs' home has the French manner. (5)
27. You may find him indoors on "The Third Man" set. (5)
29. Bosom companions are most unlikely to do this up. (4)
30. Yours cannot be consumed and retained. (4)
32. The 4 down to make one groggy? (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1 and 29. Circular letter
6. Breast
9. Stares
10. Underdog
11. Deducted
12. Circle
13. Isle
15. Flour
17. Used
18. Elms
19. See 5
20. See 23 across
21. Spiral
23 and 20. Mulberry bush
26. Ding-dong
28. Nassau
29. See 1
30. Canadian

DOWN

2 and 5. In the round
3. Carousels
4. Liszt
5 and 19. Round table
5 and 8. Round shoulders
6 and 12. Bad curve
7. Error
8. See 5
12. See 6 down
14. Sale price
15. Fatal
16. Orb
17. Unblessed
22. Right
23. Magic
24. Linen
25. Riata
27. Oar

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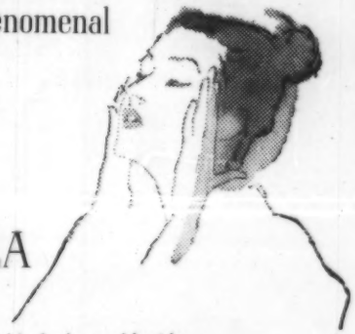

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CONCERNING FOOD

A Valentine Lunch

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

THE EMPEROR Claudius was a tyrant who decided happily married men made poor soldiers in foreign campaigns. So he forbade all marriages, a solution which only encouraged secret and hasty weddings, quite a few of which were solemnized by Bishop Valentine. In due course the latter was found out and tossed into a dungeon to languish and die on February 14.

By coincidence, early pagan festivals dedicated to love were also celebrated on February 14 and in England this custom was carried on long after the church became a power. Parties for eligible spinsters and bachelors were held where partners were chosen by drawing lots and tokens and cards exchanged. No sample menus are given for the food served at these early hearts-and-flowers festivals but it is highly improbable that today we could brew up a barrel of mead or make a satisfactory thrush pie.

For a St. Valentine's celebration this year we suggest a luncheon for the ladies—not romantic perhaps but the occasion lends itself to gay decorations and lovely flowers.

VALENTINE LUNCHEON

Bowl of Iced Relishes, Melba Toast
Consomme with Lemon Slices
Seafood Supreme in Shells
Green Salad Crescent Rolls
Sherbet Ambrosia
Valentine Cake

And here are the recipes for the dessert and cake.

Sherbet Ambrosia

2 packages frozen sweetened strawberries
½ cup Curaçao
2 pints orange sherbet
Moist shredded cocoanut

Let strawberries partially thaw, turn into a bowl and add the liqueur. Place on coldest shelf in refrigerator for about 1 hour. To serve arrange sherbet (slightly soft) in bottom of individual dessert dish or sherbet, top with strawberries and sprinkle with moist cocoanut.

Valentine Cake

Make or buy a chiffon, angel or sponge cake. Frost with a well flavoured 7 minute icing. Place a small glass with water in tube hole and arrange in it red carnations and green leaves. Make a doily frill to resemble a nosegay and add a small red ribbon bow if desired. Place single red carnations made into nosegays around the cake plate.

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LIGHTER SIDE

Lily and Mr. Hansell

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"MINISTERS," (writes Ogden Nash) "Don't like bar sinisters."

It seems to have been this prejudice which prompted Reverend E. G. Hansell, (S.C., Macleod) to denounce in the House of Commons the recent CBC production of "Lily's Story".

Mr. Hansell objected to the commentator's description of Lily as a "pale slut", and was even more disturbed to discover as the story proceeded that Lily was involved with a Chinese cook, "who attempts to seduce this young teen-age Canadian girl".

"I don't know whether the Chinese cook succeeded according to the story as I did not listen to it", Mr. Hansell said, "but I am told the story ended with this girl becoming a chambermaid and marrying a Winnipeg widower."

Mr. Hansell's version presents a very odd point of view on Ethel Wilson's fine novelette. Maybe the member from Macleod should have gone back to the original, or author's, version which — like God's idea of a flamingo—is much more likely to be the authentic one.

It is true that Lily was picked up by a Chinese cook who seduced her with offers of free rides on a stolen bicycle. But that is only a small part of Lily's story. When the cook was arrested for theft Lily, who had the morals and the quick sense of expediency of an alley-cat, set up housekeeping with a longshoreman whose wife was temporarily out of town. The longshoreman too was incidental, and Lily left him as casually as she had taken him up.

HER REAL story opens when, discovering that she is pregnant, she begins to plan, with all the intensity of a responsible and selfless human being, for another life that will be as different as possible from her own. It is a remarkable story, told with exact and tender perception, and it is hard to see how any adequate version of it over the air could greatly disturb a teen-ager or even a Member of Parliament.

"The CBC," Mr. Hansell pointed out, "contemplates tightening regulations on religious broadcasting but continues to flaunt (sic) public opinion with programs of a distinctly amoral tinge."

What seems to have upset Mr. Hansell quite as much as Lily's deplorable affair with the Chinese cook, was her eventual establishment as a respectable Winnipeg matron. Lily's early shattering of all the accepted rules was bad enough. It was even worse that she should be allowed to crack the moral code, as applied to all forms of mass entertainment, and settle down to the comfort and security of middleclass living with her well-to-do widower.

It is possible to quarrel with Mrs. Wilson's ending, though not on the grounds staked out by Mr. Hansell. In the beginning Lily neither flaunted not flouted respectability. She was simply unaware that respectability existed. When she discovered it, however, her life became a fierce pursuit of that dear and inexorable goddess, with her lamentable past always close at her heels. Once she had achieved respectability, on the other hand, the meaning and intensity went out of Lily's story. It was possible to imagine her settling down in a Winnipeg suburb—she was an admirable cook —entertaining at bridge, and disapprovingly turning off the radio when it ventured to refer to a pale slut. For Lily gradually stiffened into the image she adored and in the end ceased to be interesting as a human being.

The author's decision to reward Lily for her later virtues and overlook her earlier delinquencies probably came as a profound shock to Mr. Hansell. Would he have preferred perhaps to see Lily revert to the cook, a lethal type who might conceivably have ended by carving her up? This would have been in line with the moral logic of mass entertainment which insists that a heroine should end as badly as she began. It might also have had a deterrent effect on any young Canadian teen-agers who contemplated taking up with bicycle-stealing Chinese cooks. At any rate, it is the solution Hollywood worked out years ago when it discovered that as long as pale sluts exist in the streets of our cities they are bound to turn up in one form or another on the screen.

Apparently Mr. Hansell didn't offer any solution for Lily's problem. He just wanted Lily and her kind kept off the air. "Good sense," he said, "should be exercised with respect to the type of drama that we pour into the ears of our young people."

"UNTIL after midnight anyway," suggested Social Credit Leader Low; and Mr. Hansell agreed that programs involving pale sluts might well be relegated to the after-midnight hours, when teen-agers would be safely out of the way.

Mr. Hansell and Mr. Low are working on two assumptions here, neither of them entirely valid:

(a) that all teen-agers go to bed at midnight. (They don't.)
(b) that teen-agers aren't aware of the existence of pale sluts. (They are.)

There is another possible solution if Mr. Low's proposal goes through and programs such as "Lily's Story" are postponed till the safe hours after midnight. This is that Members of Parliament, who are much more likely to be emotionally upset by "Lily's Story" than teen-agers, should go to bed before midnight themselves, with the radio turned off.

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STARLET OF THE WEEK

She Tears Heart Strings

by Janet Howat

EVEN established stars hate to play a scene with a child or an animal. They know they're licked before they even begin. Well, a seven-year-old girl in a British movie called "The Story of Mandy" certainly stole all the scenes. And for Canadian movie-viewers there's an extra interest. Mandy (yes, she's that good—the movie was named in her honor) has a Canadian mother and a Scots-born father who lived for a time in Canada.

But first, about Mandy herself. She plays the part of a stone deaf child. If you remember what grown-up Jane Wyman did with a deaf-mute role in "Johnny Belinda", you'll know some of the difficulties of expressing personality and purpose without saying a word. Mandy Miller is so good you breathe a sigh of relief when, in the end, she does manage to say her own name, jerkily and laboriously, but still recognizable.

Mandy's first movie role was the little girl in "The Man in the White Suit" who waved Alec Guinness's pursuers in the wrong direction.

Mandy's parents never intended Mandy to be a movie actress. Her father happened to be making a business call at Ealing Studio and took Mandy along. While he was there he dropped in to see his friend Director Alexander Mackendrick. And the long arm of coincidence reached out as it so often does in real life but must never in fiction. Mackendrick needed a youngster for the Guinness flicker and asked if he could use young Mandy. Time passed and he took on the movie about a deaf child. He remembered Mandy.

Mandy's mother was born Shirley McConnell in North Bay, Ont. Her father, David, had lived many places (his father was in the British army) until the family settled in Toronto. Dave was a staff announcer with CFRB for a time. Then he was with the North Bay station, met and married Shirley McConnell. Over to England they went where Dave had landed a job with the BBC. He's now a well-known producer, disc jockey and square dance authority. Their first child was a daughter, Anne. "She's the beauty of the family, I'm told," says Aunt Yvonne Morrow (Dave's sister) in Toronto. Anne, now 15, is the TV member of the family, and recently played a small part in "Anne of Green Gables", the very Canadian story set in PEI. Oddly, another Canadian was involved in this TV show. Torontonian Charmion King played the part of the minister's wife, the lovely lady who so inspired Anne, spelled with an "e".

ANNE is very proud of Mandy. However, the family aren't pushing a movie career and Mandy herself is much more interested in her ballet lessons than in acting.

Another Canadian angle coincidence is the fact that Mandy's tutor while she was making the movie is now in Toronto. Joyce Jones came out last Spring as Matron at Crescent Street School. She reports that Mandy is a very intelligent little girl and quite unspoiled. Miss Jones, Mandy's very Scottish grandmother and her Aunt Yvonne saw a special preview of the movie. Grandmother and Aunt hadn't seen the youngster since she was six months old when the family came back to Canada on a visit.

So, perhaps you'll see a lot more of young Mandy Miller and perhaps you won't. It will depend on Miss Miller herself. But we'd like to think she'll keep on acting and give us a chance to watch a real child act like a real child.

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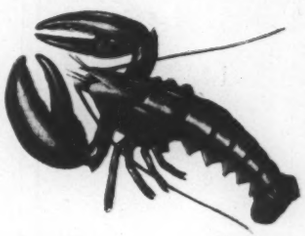
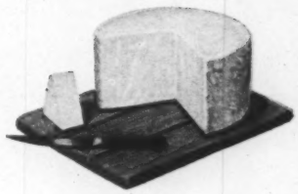


Maritime Lobster

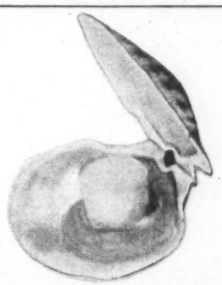
Blueberries



Canadian Cheese

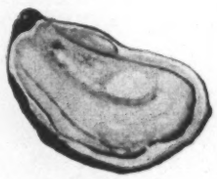
Raspberries

Oka Melon



Digby Scallops

Strawberries



Malpeque Oysters

Apples

Maple Syrup

Speckled Trout

Peaches

Blackberries

Seagram TELLS THE WORLD

"For clean taste... look to Canada"

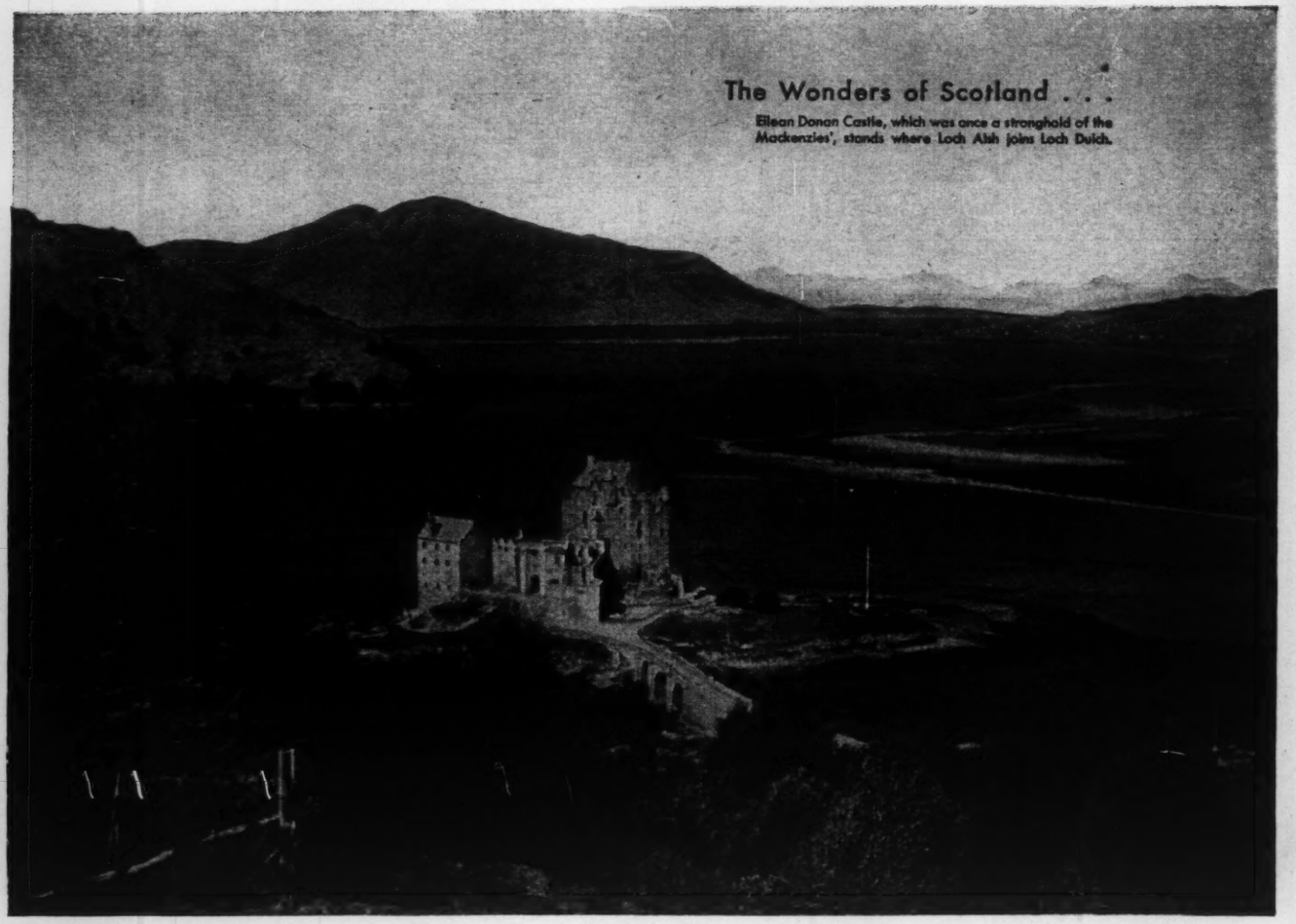
"Pure mountain air; waters, clear and cool; rich, sun-steeped farmlands — all these combine to give Canada's good things to eat a delightfully clean taste."

* * *

The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian scenes and Canadian food specialties. These advertisements are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world, and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.

The House of Seagram



The Wonders of Scotland . . .

Eilean Donan Castle, which was once a stronghold of the Mackenzies', stands where Loch Alsh joins Loch Duich.

Photographed by K. LEECH

The Oldest Name in Scotch

Famous for over 300 Years

Don't be Vague... **SAY**

Haig & Haig

SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

32-H